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EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MEXICAN TOURIST.

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WE set off early on Wednesday for Zaguatipan. The country at first was very similar to that we had traversed from Real del Monte ; but the undulations were longer, and the rising grounds began to assume rather more the character of hills. We passed an encampment of some Indians, which presented a strange appearance ; they had intertwined green vines with nopal trees, so as to form an enclosure, nearly square, of ten feet or thereabouts ; it was roofed over with vines and straw, and a fire was burning in it, where its inmates were busy cooking, probably making their never-failing tortillas. I was utterly at a loss to determine whether this was a mere encampment for a night or a permanent habitation ; but inclined to think the latter. The effect was pretty enough, but rather grotesque ; the dry straw seemed an odd ingredient in the materials of an arbor.

At length we came to the edge of the uplands of the great Mexican plateau, the first step in our descent to the Tierras Calientes ; and, after being some weeks in the highly-rarefied air of that elevated region, I was glad to think we were now to breathe a grosser atmosphere, and get rid of that shortness of breath and sense of oppression from which no new-comer in that country can be free. The view where the vallies first opened upon us was beautiful beyond imagination. Before us was a vast and deep ravine, extending indefinitely to the right ; and just at our feet making an angle, and winding off among the mountains in front and a little to the left, and on the opposite side of it the mountains rose again to a height nearly level with that on which we stood. Beyond this first ridge was an interval, indicating, of course, another ravine ; then another parallel range of mountains, and another and another, each a little more dim, and hazy, and blue, till they were mingled in the distance

with the sky. And as the eye commanded heights and depths so distant from each other as to comprehend the climates of forty degrees of latitude, the tokens of the seasons and the productions of the soil were diversified accordingly; aloes and forest trees were near us, and a few cactuses, which became more abundant lower down, and showed a thousand varieties of forms and flowers, organos and organos viejos, or old organs, so called from their garment of grey moss; others hemispheric, and rising to the triple glories of the tiara; others in vines creeping about the trees; and lower still, were palmettoes and dwarf palms, and an infinity of things we had no names for — the luxuriance of the *Tierra Caliente*. We went down a steep road, which seemed like a flight of uneven stairs covered with stones; it led us through many zig-zags round the projecting spurs of the mountain side, showing us new and infinitely varied views at every turn; and though we had a laborious route, and were sometimes in a little danger of breaking our necks, and though we were pretty sure of a bad supper and hard bed, our spirits rose above all such considerations, and we revelled in the enjoyment of bright skies and enchanting scenery. We continued to descend for an hour or two, and then went up the side of a long hill and over its brow, where we came suddenly in sight of Rio Grande, a quiet Indian village, occupying a corner of a wide and level valley, with a pretty stream flowing by it, and cultivated lands extending five or six miles in every direction beyond it; and at the end of these, the view shut in all round by lofty mountains. The valley was so deep, so rich, so still and sunny, that it brought back on my mind the times when I used to read *Rasselas*, and the idea I had formed then of the scene of his birth and detention. That impression had remained distinct and perfect in my mind, and this scene was so like it, that it looked familiar, and I could scarcely realize that I never had seen it before. My companions had strayed from the path while I was pondering all this, in search of game; and Sir John had shot an eagle just on the brow of the mountain, a noble bird it was, and it fought bravely after it was wounded; but was knocked on the head at last, and we made it serve us for a quarter of an hour's conversation as we stretched out its great wings to their full length, and admired the sharpness of its beak and talons; and then we left it where it lay. It would have been an embarrassing question for us had we been asked what good reason we could give for thus destroying so happy, and powerful, and beautiful a creature.

Passing down the slope toward the village, we met a train of Indians going to Mexico, with earthen pots and pans, and other ware manufactures of their own for sale; one principal article was a sort of sweetmeat, or confection, made by boiling down sugar-cane juice, apparently with some slight flavoring and coloring ingredients. There were fifteen or sixteen of these men; they travelled single file at a dog-trot, every one having his wicker-work hamper on his shoulder, and carrying, per-

haps, the value of twenty or twenty-five dollars in some cases, in others not more than ten or twelve ; and, for the profit on this they were going a distance which, in their mode of performing it, would take five or six days : and indeed they often come fifteen or twenty. Game cocks and poultry are often carried great distances in this way, as are also skins of pulqué.

We halted a little under a fine old tree at the village of Rio Grande, which consisted of half a dozen cane huts, and one long low house of stone or plaister, where they sold us *tibico*, a sort of acrid beer, which I could not relish at all. From thence we pushed on across the plain to the hills on the opposite side, which we ascended laboriously through winding paths, so steep in many places, that a stone in the shape of a cocked hat would have rolled down them like a ball. They were so narrow too, that when we met mules descending, we were obliged to halt in some nook and let them pass ; and we met several long trains bringing foreign merchandise from Tampico ; they were loaded with bales and boxes, and seemed to us astonishingly numerous ; but perhaps our impatience as they were going by and delaying us may have counted for something. After a long and painful ascent, the path led us down into another valley, where, at an Indian hut, the muleteers purchased a kid for their own supper, and strapped it on behind the saddle of Miguel, who trotted off with it over the rough road as negligent of the poor creature's bleating as of the echoes of his horse's hoofs. It was a hot afternoon, and by the time he reached the cavalcade, the poor kid's condition was quite lamentable ; it had slipped to one side, and hung down with its head lowest, and its tongue protruded, uttering the most piteous cries, for which the tight cords showed sufficient reason. I was at a good distance before them at first ; but as I wound slowly up the mountain, I heard the bleating of the suffering creature, and guessed the cause, having seen enough of the operation of tying on to give me an idea of the result. By and by I halted, and the muleteers came up with me ; but Miguel, who had no feeling of compassion for man, mule, or kid, had a sense of inconvenience to himself ; and finding the living animal could not be stowed quietly, took the more humane method of abridging its sufferings, and making a transportable package of its body. The few trees that grew here afforded us scarcely any shade, and our road was now leading us up a mountain that seemed interminable. I left the loaded animals again behind, and pushed on to overtake Sir John, who was ahead ; as for the major, he always kept at a good distance in the rear, partly because he had a special tenderness for his horse, which he hoped to get a good price for at Tampico, and partly sparing the beast from his natural humanity. But we two arrived in an hour or so at what we supposed must be the summit, though a rising ground still lay before us, which rose so gradually as to give us the idea of a level. It was a long narrow upland, the spine of a ridge of hills stretching out

of sight eastward the way we were to travel. On the right was a deep valley, where one might have gone down a thousand fathoms at a spring any where one pleased ; and opposite was another ridge making the other side of the valley, and rising abruptly to the height we were at, and though a little black with distance, seeming so distinct and near in the clear air and bright sunshine, we almost fancied a bridge might be thrown across to it. Behind us was the long slope we had come up, winding down toward the north-west, and directly west advancing upon our mountain was a bold bluff with steep front, and a top that looked as if it had once been a continuous level with the ridge we stood on, and with the long one opposite from which, as well as from us, the valley that reached at its base divided it. The blank uniformity and indistinctness of the depths below us, the bold outline and neighborly appearance of the mountains round us, the wild birds screaming in the air, and the endless solitude made an impressive scene ; we gazed upon it long, and theorized about it much, till a mule poked his head into our visible horizon from below, and we led off again for San Bernardo. We were long arriving there ; the path, instead of keeping to the ridge, took to the side of the mountain, and made long sweeping ascents and descents along it, and through some immense meadow, where flocks of sheep were grazing ; and when we found the paltry village, it contained only the poor habitation of one white man, and three or four Indian huts, and offered us neither food nor shade. Another long descent and rise brought us to Zaguatipan, which seemed a thriving town, with custom-house, guard-house, and public square, and a tolerable tavern, as we had learned to esteem it. Our laughing Indian hostess gave us a good supper, chickens, bread, and chocolate, and assigned us a large and comfortable room, where we spread our beds as usual on the floor. In this place, for the first time in Mexico, we found the people disposed to be civil ; they would salute us as we passed in the street, and no one offered to insult us but a wretch in the prison, who reviled us a little through the grating. We saw no priest nor monk here, nor any church nor sign of religious worship.

In the morning early, Adolphe applied to me on behalf of Miguel for the dollars, which I refused, having already made him some advances, and fearing he would leave us on the road if we reduced our remaining debt to him too low. The process of saddling went on but slowly. I went out to hasten it, and found Miguel sitting on a bench with an air of abstraction, his hands crossed on his knees, and a bridle dangling from them ; he was drunk evidently, and more so than was comfortable. As he stood in some awe of me as paymaster, I had no difficulty in setting him in motion ; he ran to Sir John's horse, which was all ready for a start, and seizing him by the bridle, and holding him back with one hand, began to thrash him with the spare bridle with the other. Sir John was taken at first a little by surprise ; but seeing directly what was



the explanation, he stood aside for fair play, that Miguel and the horse might fight it out ; but Miguel forgot in a moment his first intention — his whip arm dropped to his side ; but, still holding on to the horse's bridle and mane, he fixed his eyes in drunken contemplation on the ground. Sir John, who had no taste for still life, seeing there was to be no more fun, flung him to one side, sprung into the saddle, and galloped off. We all followed very soon, carrying off a quantity of dead chickens, and a bag of bread, as provision in case of scarcity ; and we took the road to Clacalula, with no better guide than José. Adolphe, who left the inn last, told us Miguel was still sitting on his bench when he came away, almost insensible. The fellow had been drinking and gambling all night, and had laid out all the money he had left in the morning, in buying some fine hatbands and finery ; and having had two horses shod the evening before, at a dollar each shoe, he had made his application for ten dollars to get rid of that demand. How he obtained the money when I refused him I do not know ; but Adolphe said he saw him pay it.

The first few hours of our independent journey were all prosperity ; we kept along the high ground to a village, of which I have forgotten the name, five or six leagues from Zaguatipan, and then went suddenly down a long steep descent into a valley. This descent took Sir John and myself, who were in advance, a little more than an hour ; and at the bottom of it we found a river, the Cañada, with which we were destined to be better acquainted ; and at the first step in the valley we were obliged to cross it. We were in a long ravine ; there was around us a plentiful tangled growth of trees and vines, and prickly bushes, which grew thinner, and changed its character, higher up the precipices that walled us in, from over which the edge of what appeared on both sides to be table land looked down upon us. When we had crossed the Cañada, we found an encampment of anieros, who had unloaded their mules, and were taking their mid-day repose ; they gave us but little encouragement about reaching Clacalula that night, but thought we might get to Chapula. We left them, and the path immediately led us through the river again and again ; and at this third ford we found an open space, where we resolved to wait for our companions. We tied our two horses together, and turned them out to graze ; but the grass was so scanty that they preferred to turn over the dry straw of an old encampment. I lay down under a tree, and Sir John set off into the thicket in quest of adventures. In half an hour he came back, bringing a couple of green pine-apples and a report of bananas that he thought were greener ; the pines, he hoped, were fit to eat ; but they proved as hard and as insipid as potatoes. When our train came up we followed the path again, crossing and recrossing the river continually, with great labor of the animals, among stones and inequalities, and obstructions, till at last we came to a place where the path went to the very edge of

the water and turned off—there was no ford there ; but the mules having their noses thus brought up to the water, plunged in by the force of habit ; one made his way across, and another, which carried two or three trunks, fell down in mid channel with his load. He was immediately beset by William, and Adolphe, and José, all pulling different ways, and was certainly in imminent danger of being drowned ; but I came to his rescue with a knife, and cut all the cords that secured his load, flinging it piece by piece to the shore. He was then easily got out ; the other one was carefully led back, and we had leisure to see what a pretty situation we were in. It was now about three o'clock ; the sunshine in many places was already beginning its retreat up the eastern side of the deep trench we were threading ; and we had still some leagues before us to Chapula by this same path, which in a distance of one league, or one and a half, had crossed the Cañada sixteen times. Just where we were there were some large smooth rocks, on which our wet baggage was displayed ; our only resource was to recharge it on the poor mule ; but if it was heavy before, what would it be now soaked through with water. Sir John took his cigar box and spread out its contents to the sun ; the cigars were wet, and swollen, and shapeless ; and the major and I being no smokers, laughed at them with disinterested glee.

The servants reloaded the mule, and about four o'clock we were again in motion ; but poor José had been so thoroughly discouraged and vexed, that he made up his mind to abscond in the night, and leave the mules upon our hands ; a resolution which he hinted to Adolphe, and Adolphe told me ; and I overset it by speaking twenty words of kindness to the poor fellow, who really had done his best.

We toiled on till dark in endless hope of Chapula ; and after dark all hope abandoned us. We came to a worse crossing-place than any we had seen ; the river was wider, the stones larger, the sky darker, and there was no road visible on the other side, nor lights beyond, nor sign of habitation. We returned, therefore, to an encamping ground we had just passed, and resolved to swing our hammocks, and pass the night as we could. We tied our mules with long halters, and got out the bread and fowls we had bought at Zugualtipan, and made a fire with such fuel as we could collect, and tried to roast our chickens for ourselves. But the fire was scanty, and the skill small, and the success such that I made my supper entirely of bread. I hung my hammock to two trees, and slept like an Ephesian ; the rest lay on mattresses, or among the baggage ; and some drops of rain that fell in the night only served to remind us how much worse we might have fared.

Next day I was sent ahead early to find Chapula, and look out for a breakfast. I met some Indians, who assured me it was "no tanto lejos," not so very far ; but it proved to be two or three leagues ; and when I arrived at it, it was a mere collection of Indian cane and thatched

huts, grouped round a little open space, and looking more like eight or nine stacks of hay in a barn-yard than like a village. The principal Indian of the place, the *alcalde*, was there quite drunk; the second was drunk also, but could walk and articulate, which the first could not. I went into a hut and obtained some tortillas; and for a chair they gave me a stone of the size and shape of a ship's biscuit. On this I sat down; they fried some eggs, and I ate them without fork or spoon with my tortillas, which were more like leather or Indian rubber than any thing eatable or digestible. Having stayed my own hunger, and set some preparations in progress to do as much for my friends when they should arrive, I walked out into the "plaza," an area nearly circular, of perhaps forty yards diameter, where I was immediately beset by the drunken second *alcalde* with drivelling conversation. He talked in my ear very confidentially, and breathed in my face till I could endure it no longer; so I mounted my horse, and walked him backward and forward, the fellow following and talking all the time close at my heels. This dignitary wore a long coarse shirt in lieu of all garments, for dress and undress; his arms and legs were quite bare; and the drift of his oration was, that he himself was a very great man, wise, sensible, and particularly sober. He also had a passion for knowing the price or cost of every thing; and my gun, for which I had given seventy dollars at Mexico, astonished him vastly.

Finding my friends did not come up, I went back in search of them; and after riding near a league, at a fording place I came upon them, presenting such a group as one sees but seldom. In the middle of the river was a fallen mule, José tugging to lift his nose above the water, and several Indians unlading him, and bringing the luggage to the shore. On the farther bank stood Miguel's horse, Miguel had just come up, and dismounted to wade in to José's assistance; and on the nearer bank were the rest of the party, looking dolefully at the dripping trunks and carpet bags, hungry, vexed, and discouraged. I cheered them up a little, by telling them of breakfast and Chapula; they took heart, and by increased exertions got under way again; and in another hour we reached the miserable village with all our incumbrances.

That day's journey brought us, about four o'clock, to Clucalula, an Indian village of seventy or eighty houses, one of which was of stone, with a porch or "portal" before it, and served for a tavern. We had the company of the Cañada the whole way, and crossed it so often as to make up the total for that and the preceding day to fifty-one times. One of our mules had now definitively given out, and we called on Miguel to furnish another as per contract, which gave rise to a good deal of negotiation with him and with some *arrieros* and people of the neighborhood. It was at last determined that, on our agreeing to pay half the expense, Miguel should furnish three fresh mules, and a bargain was made for them that we should take them at Papatipan, some leagues further on,

and leave our tired ones there. All this passed away the afternoon, with the aid of a game of cards and a scene or two which passed before us. One of them related to some dry tobacco stems, which our hostess had spread out on a cloth before her door, and which she wanted somebody to sort or pick over, and several candidates for the office presented themselves, but all went away on hearing the terms proposed; the old lady offered, I think, a medio or six cents. At last, when the interest of three conversations was beginning to flag, an old fellow undertook it, and sat down to his task and continued there till sundown.—This being settled, our attention was called to a clamor in a neighboring hut, a woman rushed out of it in a horrible fright and ran for shelter to our house, followed by a man who was apparently mad with drinking. She was let in to the house, but the door was barred to him. He dashed his head against it, foamed and raved, but our hostess, who had remained outside, and all the women in the neighborhood who had come to her assistance, succeeded at last in partially quieting him. Then came our supper, which was served to us in the portal, and there we were told we must also sleep; so we strung our hammocks from post to post, the three in a line, and turned in early in the evening, the moon, which was just up, throwing the shadows of our hammocks on the wall of the house in three beautiful and symmetrical festoons. Very soon there was an uproar in the street, and music, and a procession; but not knowing positively what it was, we lay quiet as the easiest course. It was the Host that passed, and if we had treated it as negligently in Mexico or Puebla, it would have been at some hazard of our lives. The Indians asked Adolphe why we did not turn out and kneel to it, but we told him we were all asleep.

I suffered horribly in the ride to Papatipan next day, from illness, caused I believe by drinking some of that diabolical stuff they call *tibico*. The road now deserting the Cañada, led over a mountain, and then along the sunny side of a long ridge. I could scarcely sit on my horse, and my right foot being in the sun so long, the boot shrunk a little, and drew across the instep, causing intense pain; and the pain and illness produced thirst, which made me remember the line in the psalm about fainting in the thirsty mountain, and take note of its propriety. No water was to be found; and four hours of impatience and toil went by before we arrived at the village, which was a wretched one. It consisted of about a dozen houses, on a side hill or gentle slope, with cultivated grounds, in which common esculent vegetables, and a few fruit trees were growing around each house; but there was no order nor line of street, nor any road running through it. In the porch of the only house that had one, which happily was the shady side, a mattress was spread for me, and I lay down on it, so much exhausted as with great difficulty to discharge the office of interpreter in arranging the unfinished details of our bargain about the mules. The major, who had some soda in his



bag, got it out and mixed it with water for me to drink, and I drank it ; neither he nor I having any idea, I believe, how it was to do me any good ; but it was medicine, and we had no other, and I took it at hazard. For an hour after I was deadly sick, and had time to ruminate on the miseries of being so in a place like that. My companions I thought would go on, indeed they might as well, they could do nothing for me ; but they might leave me Adolphe, and I would follow if I recovered. And then seeing that the sun was coming round to the side of the house where I lay, and that I had no shelter from his burning beams, nor any at night but the narrow projecting roof over my head, I thought I might lie there and endure alternate heat and cold a few days and perish miserably. All this seems to me ridiculous now ; but it had a terrible coloring of reality then, though the fact was I was not very ill, but only very uncomfortable ; but while I pondered all these things and more, the effect of the soda showed itself in copious vomiting ; my oppression was relieved, my gloomy thoughts lightened, and I turned out and got on horseback, a sick man certainly still, but not at all a dying one. I must pay a tribute here to Sir John's box of brandy, which the major and I had attacked, and Sir John defended so stoutly at San Mateo ; for I took some copious draughts of it several times when I found myself very much exhausted, to give me strength to keep on horseback ; and though I look on this as a harsh and dangerous practice, and though I believe brandy and riding on horseback would in general be powerful allies to fever and dysentery, still in my particular case the brandy, I am convinced, did me good.

That evening we arrived about eight o'clock at a solitary house, where there were no indoor accommodations for us at all. It was a low thatched hut, surrounded by a fence at ten feet distance, and full of Indians, six or seven sleeping on the ground inside. There was a shed also, the floor of which, made of poles, was supported on posts at ten feet from the ground, and surmounted with a low pyramidal thatch, which projected every where beyond its edges, but did not touch them — I suppose the highest point inside was about four feet from the floor. Into this were crowded five or six persons, including, I believe, our muleteers ; by the way we had got an additional one at Papatipan, whose name was Mariano, a tall good-looking Indian, but not very civil or manageable ; and, what was especially bad in him was, that he would talk insolently to our servants about what he intended to do or refuse to do, and always back out when he came to talk to us. The subjects of difference between us were the length of the days' journeys and places we should go to, to sleep ; and though we always carried our point, at last he seemed to prefer, as a matter of taste, always to have a battle. Adolphe spread my mattress at the Rancho on a pile of sticks, and I lay down immediately without making any survey, weary and ill, and incapable of exertion. By and by the major, who loved his comfort,

came to the same place and made his nest beside me ; affording proof, if I had wanted it, that chance had chosen well for me ; and on this assurance I fell asleep. In the night I was awakened by drops of rain, and I waked the major ; but he said it would be nothing, and at all events he could not stir, for he had taken off his clothes to have a good night's rest, and could not now rise and put them on. I was all dressed, and feeling confident it would rain hard, I went in search of shelter, carrying my bed and bedding in my arms, and I deposited them on the ground beneath the pole hut ; as chance would have it, no one had thought of sleeping there. An hour afterwards I was awaked by the major throwing down his bed at my side ; the rain had increased, and nearly wet him through, and he had been forced to emigrate. We began here first to be troubled with vermin, of which there is an alarming variety in all the Tierras Calientes ; they are usually all classed together by foreigners as ticks, and are distinguished by the natives into ganapatas, xixenes, and I know not how many more kinds besides. The ganapatas, however, are pre-eminent ; they are flat, and about the size of a common spangle, and they get under your clothes, and adhere so closely to your skin, that you may rub at them for a week and never stir them. The only remedy is to take fairly hold of one at a time with finger and thumb nail, and then the brute lays out his strength and takes a regular pull with you, and probably leaves his teeth or claws in your flesh. If let alone, he swells up at your expense to the shape of a ball, and drops off when he is full. You do not feel him much at first, and often in the night he will lie so close, that you may rub over the spot where he is, and convince yourself he is not there ; but in the morning, if you look close after sleeping in an infested place, you may find perhaps fifty or sixty on your person. I suffered very little in comparison to my companions, which I believe was owing to my wearing linen drawers buttoned close about my ancles, which is the place where they usually seek admission ; but the face and neck are attacked also, and on them I kept a good look out.

## STANZAS.

THERE be springs upon the mountain  
 That swell the valley stream ;  
 In the desert, too, a fountain  
 Will flash in twilight's gleam :  
 But affection's dew is clearer,  
 The gem of love far dearer,  
 When memory's ray is shining,  
 Round sorrow's cup entwining.  
 And the dewy night is weeping  
 Its pearly tears on thee,  
 And starry lights are keeping  
 Their vigils o'er the sea ;  
 Sweet the spell around me wreathing,  
 Like softest music breathing :  
 Thus memory hath its madness ; --  
 There's rapture e'en in sadness.

## THE MAN WITH THE CLOAKS.

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A VERMONT LEGEND.

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ON the border of Lake Champlain you will find a beautiful declivity in the present town of Ferrisburg, which commands a southerly view of the lake. In a calm summer morning you may look down on a sea of glass ; and sometimes in winter, when a severe frost catches the lake asleep, you may behold a spacious mirror, polished beyond the efforts of art.

The following account of John Grindall, who many years since lived on this declivity, is still current in the neighborhood, although time has probably added not a little to the real facts. Grindall was something more than a strict economist, one whom the present extravagant age would pronounce a miser. To give and to lose had with him the same meaning ; so, to get and to keep.

A poor traveller from the Genesee country, on his return from Canada, was overtaken in the month of November in the year 1780, a memorable cold winter in New-England, without a surtout. He tarried for a night at an inn in the neighborhood of Ferrisburg. His landlord taking pity on him, observed, " my neighbor Grindall has just bought himself, after many years, a new cloak. Call on him to-morrow morning, and tell him I sent you, and hope he will give you his old cloak ; and moreover, say to him, he will never be less warm for parting with it, as a deed of charity sometimes warms the body more than a blanket."

Accordingly the traveller called on Grindall and told his errand. The day was extremely cold, and pleaded most eloquently for the old cloak. " Have easy," said Grindall ; " is it for one man to be liberal of the property of another ? My neighbor is one of the most generous men in the world ; for the simple reason, that he has nothing to give." " You do him wrong, sir," said the traveller ; " he gave me a lodging and a breakfast ; and moreover, said you were the wealthiest man in all these parts." " Ay," said Grindall, " I have grown rich by keeping, not by giving. If the weather grows much colder, I shall want not only my new cloak and my old one, but another." " So, you will want two, or more, while I have to travel more than one hundred miles without any. Your neighbor bid me tell you, a deed of charity would warm one better than a blanket." " My old cloak will fit no one but myself." " Ah ! he that is warm thinks all others are so." " But you should be more provident, and not have the cloak to make when it begins to rain. However, you have

one advantage, a threadbare coat is armor proof against a highwayman." "And perhaps," said the traveller, "another advantage, 'the greatest wealth is contentment with a little.'" "Yes," said Grindall, "many talk like philosophers and live like fools." "But, sir, if you make money your god, it will plague you like the devil." "But he is not wise who is not wise for himself; and he that would give to all, shows great good will but little wisdom." "Still, sir, you make a great purchase when you relieve the necessitous." "My receipts, all of them, are for very different purchases." "Farewell, then. You may want more than two cloaks to keep you warm if I perish with the cold."

The traveller departed. A few days afterward a rumor was prevalent that a traveller had perished on the west side of the lake. Grindall heard the report, and reflected on the last words of the stranger; and he felt a sudden chillness shoot through his frame. There was nothing supernatural in this. The body is often the plaything of the mind. The imagination can produce a fever; and why not turn the heart to an icicle, especially as it appeared that Grindall's heart was sufficiently cold before? The morning after this rumor, he pronounced it the coldest day he had ever experienced; and he sat in his old cloak the whole day, congratulating himself that he had not given it to the traveller. The next day seemed to Grindall more severe than the former; and he put on both the old and the new cloak. Nevertheless, he was far from comfortable. The third day he sent to his tailor for a new cloak. But as the tailor could not make a cloak in a day, he borrowed the cloak of his neighbor the innkeeper.

The weather that year, 1780, as is well known, waxed daily colder and colder, and Grindall was obliged to employ all the tailors, far and wide, for nothing could keep him warm, not even an additional cloak every day; so that Grindall soon excited the curiosity of all around him. His appearance, indeed, must have been grotesque. His circumference was soon so great that he could not pass out of his door; yet nothing less than a new cloak, daily, could relieve him. He was extremely loath to send for a physician; for having, on one occasion, been bled by a doctor, he was heard to declare that he would never part with any more of his blood, meaning thereby, his money. However, Grindall was not without medical advice. Curiosity soon filled his house. All the old ladies, far and near, Indian doctors and doctresses, offered him more remedies than can be found in the *Materia Medica*. Even the regular and irregular faculty gave him a call, gratis, hoping at least to learn something, either in confirmation of pre-conceived opinion, or, what was more agreeable, from practical experiment on a new disease. While it cost nothing, Grindall was willing to listen and submit. Hence his house became a hospital, and himself the patient of a thousand prescriptions. But all availed nothing; he grew colder every day. Every new cloak was but a wreath of snow. The doctors at length



began to quarrel among themselves. In their various experiments they so often crossed each other's path, and administered such opposite remedies, that Grindall began to jeer them. The only perspiration he enjoyed for three months was caused by a fit of laughter at the doctor's expense. He plainly told them, if one remedy would cure, another would as certainly kill. To this each physician readily assented; but, at the same time, asserted that his own remedy was the only cure. These opposite prescriptions soon embroiled all his doctors, both male and female. At the same time there was a perplexing debate respecting the nature of the disease. While one pronounced the disorder a weakness of the blood, another asserted it was an ossification of the heart—a disorder incident to many old people, and always accompanying an undue love of money. Another said the disorder arose from a defect of blood in the heart, and the true remedy was to send the blood from the extremities to the heart. While the doctors were disputing, Grindall was growing colder and colder, and his circumference larger and larger; so that he nearly filled the largest room in his house.

Toward spring, when the sun began to assert himself, and when the snow began to moisten, an incident befel Grindall, which has become an interesting part of this memorandum. Grindall said he had been confined to his house more than three months; and as it was a beautiful day, he would walk out and learn if there was any heat in the sun. But there was one difficulty attending this enterprize. It was necessary, in order to pass his doorway, to throw off more than seventy cloaks; for in order to feel in any way comfortable, he was obliged to add a new cloak every day. While the ceremony of disrobing was performing, Grindall complained bitterly of the cold; and before his assistants could recloak him, he became nearly senseless. At twelve o'clock he was reclothed; and as he stood on his door-step, which overlooked the lake, for the first time in his life he was sensible to the beauties of nature, though in winter. For, having been housed more than three months, the glory of the sun, the purity of the air, and the sublimity of the lake, which reflected at midday ten thousand diamonds, seemed for a moment to warm his heart. He became exhilarated, and not having the usual command of his legs, and being ill-balanced, owing to the hasty putting on of the seventy cloaks, he faltered, he reeled, and gently fell on the snow; and in a moment, owing to the sharp declivity and the moistened surface of the snow, he became a huge snow-ball. The snow, as usual, had covered the tops of the walls and fences, and there was no impediment in the descent to Lake Champlain. Accordingly, in a moment, Grindall became apparently a huge rotund snow-ball, and acquired at every rebound additional velocity: and when this man-mountain arrived at the margin of the lake, he passed its whole diameter like a school-boy's slide.

And now the whole country were rallied to disinter Grindall from his mountain snow-bank. Various were the speculations attending this snow-scene excavation. To some, who held Grindall in no respect, it was a half holiday; to others, more serious, connected with what had already transpired, it was more solemn. Some asserted he never could be dug out alive; others, more indifferent, said he was as safe as a toad in his winter quarters. A physician who had tried all imaginable remedies, and a few others, asserted he would come out a well man; for the rapid circulation of the snow-ball would equally circulate the man, induce a profuse perspiration through the whole system, and effect a cure. "All that may be true," said another physician, who had just arrived; "but the man can never be produced alive, for this internal heat, like a volcanic fire, will melt the surrounding snow, cause an internal deluge, and drown the man." But," said a third, "if the man should be produced alive, he will be deranged; for as his descent may have been oblique, his brains have fallen all on one side." "Never mind what the doctors say," said one of the working men, "old Grindall may yet come out alive, and prove himself a worthy man. Though all the doctors could not cure him, this very accident may; for accident and nature are two great physicians, and have often outwitted the faculty."

In the mean time the snow flew merrily. Curiosity lightened their labors and animated their snow-shovels. But all their efforts could not release Grindall in one day. The succeeding night was honorable to the neighborhood, for there was a general assembly of the people, and no little sympathy for the fate of Grindall. The next day additional succour came; and before midday they came in contact with the outside cloak. There was a loud and tumultuous call on Grindall. No answer; but soon they perceived a gentle moving of the cloak, as though the inhabitant was nestling. A moment more, and Grindall saw daylight. The first words he uttered were, "Cover me up again—oh, cover me up—I perish with the cold!" Disregarding his cries, they produced him to open day. But Grindall's cry was, "Another cloak, or I perish;" and this was immediately loaned him by a spectator. By the help of a sled and four horses he was soon at home again.

When Grindall was first discovered, he looked as fresh as a new-blown damask rose; and though you could see nothing but his face, joy seemed to illumine his countenance, and so far contracted his muscles as to disclose a fine set of teeth, which shone through his many cloaks like so many orient pearls at the bottom of a dungeon.

The spring now began gradually to exchange her heavy white robe for a silken green; and those who knew more than their neighbors said, the only doctor who could cure Grindall was the great restorer of the vegetable world. Indeed, Grindall himself now looked to the sun as his only remedy. But, to the surprise of all and the despair of poor Grin-

dall, the sun made no more impression on him than did the great yellow dog who had been hung for sheep-stealing on the tree before his door. At midday, in the month of July, you might have seen Grindall sitting in his more than two hundred cloaks, on his door-stone, courting the notice of the sun, who regarded him with the same sensibility that he does a snow-drift in winter on Mount Bellingham. This circumstance of course gave currency to many strange stories; one, for instance, that the coldness of Grindall's head was such that a gallon of warm water, poured on his head in July, ran down to his shoulders in icicles. This, and a thousand such idle rumors, gave a miraculous coloring to the real facts. Especially as hundreds of people from the frontiers, even from Canada, both whites and Indians, attracted by curiosity, came to see a man clad in ten score of cloaks in July.

After the summer solstice Grindall himself began to despair; for the superstition, or more probably the solemn reflection of the people, began to treat his case as something out of the common course of nature; and they believed Grindall what the Scotch call a doomed man. This was equal to an interdict of fire and water. Grindall's house became a solitude. All, even women, refrained from visiting him.

Thus the solitary Grindall wrapped himself up in his daily cloak, and sat on his door-stone courting in vain the rays of the sun. One day, when peering wishfully through the long avenue of his cloaks at the fervid sun, to him more like the moon in winter, he was heard to exclaim, "O wretched Grindall! I am an outcast from human nature. There is no human being to sympathise with me. All forsake me. I am alone in the world; at home, without a home; in the world, but not of it. More than an outcast—all men fly me; even the women, the natural nurses of men, have lost their curiosity. The dogs do not even bark, but stare at me, and pass on. The birds have retreated to other woods. How dreadful is this solitude! If I look up, the sun has no genial smile for me; if I look down, I have no hope but in the bowels of the earth. If I look within—I dare not look within, for there a solitude reigns more dreadful still. Fool that I was—I once thought a bag of money the easiest pillow I could repose on."

Thus the summer passed away, while Grindall had no other occupation than to procure a new cloak every day. But about the middle of November, the anniversary of the traveller's visit to him, who should call at his house but the same man who the year preceding had attempted to beg his old cloak? Grindall immediately recognized him by instinct, for that was nearly all that remained to the unhappy man; and there came over Grindall a sudden feeling that this same man was connected with his fate, and was the harbinger of a good result. Moreover, the man was supposed to have perished, and his appearance to Grindall was like one risen from his grave. The stranger was therefore doubly welcome. He heard, with apparent wonder, a relation of the events of the

past year ; and in conclusion, Grindall stated that he had exhausted the whole art of the faculty, who had pronounced him incurable, and that he had at length begun to despair. "A strange case indeed," said the stranger. "Tell me all that the doctors have done for you." "They have done nothing for me ; but I can tell you what they have done to me.— They have made a laboratory of me, and subjected me to all sorts of experiments, cold remedies and warm, internal and external, remedies the most opposite. I have been roasted by one, boiled by another ; I have been stewed, blistered, and parboiled by a third ; merged in hot water, wrung out, and laid by to dry ; and immediately after subjected to a cold bath. I should have been baked could they have stowed me with all my cloaks into the oven. The Spanish Inquisition is a flower-bed in comparison with the bed the doctors have spread for me. They have made an apothecary's shop of my inwards, while each one told me his own remedy was the sovereignest remedy on earth for a cold affection of the blood.

"When the doctors relinquished me, I fell into the hands of a hundred old ladies. Good souls, they would have cured me if they could ; for they exhausted all that is known of botany. I can tell you the taste of every vegetable that ever grew out of the face of the earth, both root and branch ; from the sweet fern to the bitter el-wort, from henbane to nightshade. And here, O, forgive me if my cold blood warms in wrath ; one pertinacious female forced down a whole dragon root, and said if that did not cure me, nothing would. It did, indeed, nearly cure me of all my earthly pains, for I thought it time to send for the sexton, the only friend I have in this world."

"But," said the traveller, "why did you permit so many vain experiments on you ? It is the delight of the physician to experiment on new cases. If he succeeds, he has achieved some great thing ; if he fails, the case was remediless." "Ah !" said Grindall, "let the well man laugh at the doctors ; but the sick man is all ears to those who promise help. Cannot you do something for me ?" "I can tell you one thing ; you are no warmer for your many cloaks. It is not the clothes that keeps the body warm, it is the body that keeps the clothes warm ; and in your case it must be the heat that keeps the body warm. Therefore, whoever can warm your heart can certainly cure you." "That, I fear, is impossible ; I never felt my heart warm in my life. Not one of the thousand remedies that I suffered ever touched my heart. The dragon root, which burnt up my bowels, made no impression on my heart." "Nevertheless, I can cure you if you will submit to the remedy. You may think it a cruel and tedious remedy but I believe I can warrant you a cure." "Name it, try it, I am all submission ; and you shall have half of my estate."—"O, no ; I must not be selfish, and oppose a cold heart to your warm one. I see a change in you already. Do you not feel a little better ?" "I do, I protest I do ; the last cloak I put on feels rather heavy." "The cure



lies entirely with yourself; all the doctors in the universe, male and female, can do you no good. A permanently warm heart depends on the man himself." "Ah! you mock me; how can a man warm his own heart, when naturally cold?" "As easy as a man can awake from a sound sleep. Pray, tell me how many cloaks encircle you?" "This very day counts a year, that is three hundred and sixty-five cloaks." "It will require a whole year to perform a perfect cure; in the mean time you will be comfortable, more so every day." "But what horrible drug are you about to propose? I thought I had exhausted both nature and art." "Be easy, Mr. Grindall; you will swallow nothing. As your disorder has appeared to many inexplicable, your cure will appear equally so, if you can only warm your own heart. I must now leave you; I am on my annual visit to Canada; when I return, I will call and see you; but to-morrow, about this time, you may chance to find a remedy; but whether or not you will improve it, depends entirely on yourself. Farewell." The stranger immediately proceeded to the inn-keeper's house, and requested him to send on the morrow the most destitute man he could find, to Grindall. "Why, you are the very man," said the inn-keeper, "who tried to beg his old cloak last winter: and the report was, you had perished with the cold. You might as well attempt to warm Grindall's heart as to obtain a cloak from him. He buys a new one every day." "No matter, say nothing about a cloak, do as I say; farewell. The stranger was not in the inn-keeper's house one minute. He was gone; and the inn-keeper soon began to think a vision had passed over him. The call, the conversation, and the departure, were all one. In a few minutes he began to treat it as the magnanimous Jefferson once treated an injury, "like one of those things that never happened." But still, the more the inn-keeper believed it a vision, the deeper impression it wrought on him. In those deep solitudes, at that time, on the frontiers of a savage wilderness, the natural easily passed into the supernatural. Therefore the inn-keeper soon resolved, whether he had suffered under an illusion or had seen a reality, to seek out, and send, a proper object to Grindall. This was no easy task. In those days it was as difficult to find a very poor man as it is now difficult to find a very honest one. However, before night he found his object; and as the next day proved extremely inclement, the inn-keeper thought it possible Grindall might give the poor man one, of three hundred and sixty-five cloaks.

The next morning, as if by accident, the half naked man stood on the door-stone of Grindall's house, dubious whether he should enter or not. The appearance of the poor man was more eloquent than any language, and the day itself was a powerful appeal. When Grindall understood a man was standing on his door-step, he reached his spy-glass, for he was now obliged to use a long spy-glass, in order to see through the long avenue of his many cloaks. As soon as he beheld the man, "What, my

friend," said Grindall, with unwonted courtesy, "has brought you here this cold day?" "I was sent here, without any errand, supposing you wanted to see me." "I did not send for you." "It is only a mistake then; farewell." "But stop, friend; you are almost naked. Are you not perishing with the cold? I am under cover of three hundred and sixty-five cloaks." "I have on my whole wardrobe," said the stranger, "and, thank Providence, my heart keeps me tolerably warm." "The heart, the heart, a warm heart," muttered Grindall to himself. "Tomorrow, about this time, you may expect a remedy, if you know how to improve it." "This man, without knowing it, may be the remedy."—"Why," said Grindall, "how wonderful! You almost naked, in the extremity of winter, are comfortable, while I, by my fireside, clad in three hundred and sixty-five cloaks, am suffering with cold." "I presume, sir," said the stranger, "your heart is cold; if you could warm your heart, your cloaks would be a burden to you." "Ah, that is impossible. However, you seem to be a worthy man. Heaven may have sent you here for your own good, if not for mine. One cloak among three hundred and sixty-five can make no great difference. Take this cloak; it was new yesterday, and may you never want but one at a time." "I accept it most thankfully," said the stranger, and he departed.

The next morning Grindall either did feel, or thought he felt, a little more comfortable. He sent for the inn-keeper, and related what had happened. "I feel," said Grindall, "or fancy I feel, relieved from the burden of the last cloak." "If that is the case," said the inn-keeper, "I advise you to part with another." "With all my heart," said Grindall, "if I could find an object." "Aye, sir, I fear your trouble, now, will be to shake off your cloaks. It is easier for you to procure a new cloak every day than to find every day a worthy object." "What shall I do? My outside cloak grows heavier and heavier; it has already become a grievous burden. Pray, sir, assist me: you see I cannot go abroad with all these cloaks. If I should fall in my present bulk, I should roll again on to the lake, and might not be dug out till spring." "Your case," said the inn-keeper, "is certainly a strange one, and somewhat marvellous; for I now perceive you suffer more from the weight of your cloaks than you do from the cold. Is it not so?" "I cannot say exactly that; but the outside cloak seems to feel heavier than all the others." "I wish you were down east, in the Bay State," said the inn-keeper, "among the poor people of Charlestown, who were all burnt out of house and home by the British. You would find among them objects enough; for I understand Congress never gave them a penny; only told them to call again." "If they were within one hundred yards of me, I would send every one of them a cloak," said Grindall. "But," said the inn-keeper, "why do you not take off your outside cloak if it is such a burden? Why do you wait until you can find an object on whom to

bestow it?" "I have tried that experiment twice this morning, and at each time a cold shivering obliged me to put it on again; but if I could find a worthy object, like the one yesterday, I fancy that it might warm my heart. I wish to try the same experiment again, even if I send to Massachusetts." "You need not send so far; only let it be known that you have a cloak for a naked Indian on the other side of the lake, and you will not want customers." "White, black, and red, in distress," said Grindall, "are all my brethren; only find me a man in distress for a cloak, and you shall have my hearty thanks." "A wonderful change, indeed," said the inn-keeper. "It was only last summer, and there was no human being with whom you could sympathise." "True, but since yesterday I perceive I have something within they call a heart; for after I gave that cloak to the poor man yesterday, I soon felt something stir within me, warmer than all my cloaks. But talking never cured a man like me; send me a poor man in want of a cloak, that is the best doctor."

Soon afterward a stranger entered the door, and Grindall asked if the inn-keeper had sent him. "Yes," said the stranger. "What did he tell you?" "Nothing, only to go to Mr. Grindall's house, he wanted to see me." "Right; do you know any one really in want of a good warm cloak, for you see I have more than my share." "I will thankfully receive one," said the stranger. "But with this condition," said Grindall, "that you send me a poor man who is in want of another." "With all my heart," said the stranger. "Then take it with all my heart."

Thus, from day to day Grindall grew a little warmer. As the spring advanced, he found it more difficult to bestow his cloaks; and on the approach of summer, he was obliged to employ twenty men in scouring the country to hunt up suitable subjects. Though in winter the Indians were his best customers, yet in summer no Indian would travel far to receive a cloak.

As the dog-days approached the anxiety of Grindall was redoubled; for as the heat increased, though he suffered nothing from the heat, yet the warmth of the remaining one hundred and fifty cloaks required constant watching, lest spontaneous combustion should consume both himself and his woollen establishment. This converted Grindall sometimes into a real pageant. While sitting in the sun, he would appear to be enveloped in a warm vapour, such as you sometimes see in a morning, rising over a meadow; and then when the sun played upon this vapour, Grindall would appear to be surrounded with beautiful rainbows. This was considered by all the curious females in the neighborhood a good sign; and they all prophesied that Grindall would yet come out bright. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Although this warm mist produced a suffocating vapour to Grindall, it was productive of no little benefit to others. Thousands of eggs were sent to Grindall, who

enveloped them in his cloaks; and after a little while, from under the skirts there proceeded broods of chickens. This breed became famous. The gallant little fellow on board M'Donough's ship, who, previous to the battle on lake Champlain, perched on the fore-yard, and crowed thrice, cock-a-hoop, was of this same breed.

One day, toward the end of August, while Grindall from his door-stone was watching the descending sun, and earnestly expecting the approach of a traveller to relieve him from his outside cloak, it is said he suddenly made an unnatural and hideous outcry, which echoed and re-echoed through the mountains, and over the lake even to Memphremagog. This ebullition of Grindall must have been terrific. For the wild beasts, then so numerous on the Green Mountains, all left their lurking-places. The bears, catamounts, and foxes, with one consent took to the trees. The wolves alone stood their ground, and answered to the supposed challenge. It was feared, at first, that this howling of the wolves would be everlasting. For as the nature of the wolf is gregarious, all within hearing assembled at the first call, and soon an army of wolves collected around the habitation of Grindall; and as their howling, like the outcry of Grindall, echoed and re-echoed among the mountains, the wolves mistook each individual howl of their own for a new challenge; and thus a continuous and unanimous howl, through the remainder of the day and following night, agitated the Green Mountains, even to Montpelier, east, and to the borders of Canada, north. But at sunrise all was quiet. The howling, from pure exhaustion, gradually died away, so that no echo was returned; and then all was as still as when Adam was a lone man.

One good sprung out of this incident. It was remarked for several years afterward, that in the vicinity of Ferrisburg the wild beasts had become extinct. Hence, deer, sheep, and poultry, safe from their enemies, increased in geometrical progression, to the utter subversion of the theory afterward promulgated by Mr. Malthus. The fact was, the wild beasts had retired, affrighted, to other forests.

Now, much of this wolvis story has doubtless been added to the account of Grindall. Yet it is in some degree credible; for it is well known that the human ear, placed near the earth, can hear the report of a cannon forty miles; and we know that the beasts of the forest, naturally prone downward, have an ear vastly more sensible to sounds than man.

After this outcry, Grindall exclaimed, "What could have kept these men warm, half naked as they were, who captured Burgoyne on the other side of the lake! They must have had very warm hearts. Yes, it must be true, as the stranger told me, the heart keeps the body warm. I see it clearly, the country is safe, it never can be conquered. Burgoyne spoke the truth when he said it is impossible to conquer a people who fight till their small clothes drop off in rags. Warm hearted fellows,



I wish I could give every one of them a cloak! But here am I, the wonder and horror of all around me. A dead weight on creation; worse, a monster, repulsive to man and beast; the sport of all nature. The elements conspire against me. I am equally exposed to fire and frost. The sun laughs at me, and buries me in a cloud of vapour. At one moment I am threatened with a deluge; at the next with a conflagration; then comes a wind, a heart-withering wind, and dissipates all, and whistles through my flapping cloaks, and sings in mockery,

If old Grindall's heart is as cold as his head,  
Old Grindall's heart is the icicle's bed.

But this was only one of Grindall's ill turns. He was evidently growing better; and as the cool weather approached, he appeared more anxious than ever to shake off his cloaks. So far from appearing a doomed man to his neighbors, he was considered a man changed only for the better. His house began to be crowded again with the curious, and all those who delight in the marvellous. His former visitors, except his medical oracles, who confessed he was an outlaw to their several systems, came to congratulate him on what they termed his return to human nature.

But now a new occurrence arrested the attention of all. As the season daily advanced toward the anniversary of the grand investment of the cloaks, the daily dispensation of each cloak gave rise to various reports, utterly subversive of the human character of Grindall. The fact was thus. Immediately preceding the divesting of a cloak, the cloak would appear to be animated with life. It would first tremble, then crinkle, and then dance all around the body of Grindall. It would seem joyful, almost intelligent, and inclined to speak. It did not shrivel, or wrinkle, or show any sign of distress. Not a few asserted all this was accompanied by a noise not unlike the rumbling of distant thunder. But the moment the cloak was put off, it was as quiet as lambs' wool. No wonder it began to be noised abroad that there was an evil spirit in each cloak.

Fortunate was it for Grindall that no ventriloquist added to the alarm; for in those days Mr. Page could have made all these cloaks speak whatever language he pleased, and thus the unhappy Grindall might have suffered an ignominious fate under the statute of James the First against witchcraft and sorcery. But the event soon showed there was no evil spirit concealed in these cloaks; and if I may hazard an opinion at this late day, I would account for all in a natural way. There was, no doubt, daily, a strange appearance in each cloak previous to its leaving the body of Grindall. It might tremble, and not only seem to, but really flutter about his body; this simple circumstance, even in the present enlightened times, would immediately grow into the marvellous. All these

strange appearances might arise from the bounding heart of Grindall. Every cloak that he gave away expanded his heart; it beat high with the joyful assurance that, when all his cloaks had left him, he should become a proper man. Hence the agitation of his heart caused him and his whole establishment to tremble; and the supposed thunder was only the throbbing of his heart. Greater mistakes than this have been made down east, near Boston, where the good people of a certain town on the sea coast lived a whole century, after the settlement of the country, on shags, mistaking them for wild geese.

However the truth might be respecting this affair of the cloaks, one thing is certain; it was near proving fatal to Grindall; for many of those who came to receive a cloak in charity, when they saw its tumultuous quaking, declined receiving one, through fear of catching the palsy. But after a little while, when they saw these cloaks lie so quiet when cast off from Grindall, and perfectly harmless to the wearer, the few remaining cloaks became popular, although the last of them crinkled the most and danced the longest.

The Canadian traveller, on his return, remembered his promise, and stopped to greet Grindall, who had just shaken off his last cloak. Grindall regarded him with a feeling of awful respect. He stood silent; but the traveller heard Grindall's heart speak. "Your looks, Mr. Grindall, have told me all; you have found the remedy. You now know how to keep yourself warm in the coldest weather. But in order to keep yourself constantly warm, you must keep a constantly warm heart. None of your sudden impulses, warm to-day and cold to-morrow. Most men are governed by impulses, and they endeavor to offset against habitual coldness, a single warm impulse. There is little merit in that. The rattlesnake is still poisonous, although it may show you many golden specks scattered over its back. In short, Mr. Grindall, if you desire never to want another cloak, keep a warm heart; and if you are subject to cold feet in winter, marry a worthy woman." Grindall followed this advice; and before he died, became a proverb. "As good as old Grindall," is still current west of the Green Mountains.

## PAULINE,

OR DIPLOMACY EIGHTY YEARS AGO;\*

## CHAPTER IV.

*The Marchioness of Pompadour, already a Little Passée.*

He sprang into his carriage, and off it went full speed to the court. Arrived at the *Tuilleries*, he immediately bent his steps towards the apartments of Pompadour.

The whole world knows Madame de Pompadour's influence over his most Christian Majesty Louis XV. She was the unrestrained mistress of his royal heart, of his royal will, and of his empire. It is true the bloom of youth was over with her at this period; she was past *thirty-five*. But her beauty had not suffered greatly, and the peculiar sprightliness and charm of her conversation had probably gained from her longer experience of the world, and of the very best society Paris afforded. The king was proud of the silken chains he wore; and neither the ill-will of the whole royal family, nor the more discreet machinations of the celebrated *premier*, Cardinal Bernis, could affect her power. This was well understood at court, it was known all over Paris, it was known all over France. Now it can certainly not be very pleasing to a nation of spirit and some independence to be thus ruled by a — lady; but it ought to be remembered that the French nation, at the period we are speaking of, thought of little else than singing the last opera songs, and considered nothing as sublime or beautiful except that which his most Christian Majesty approved of. France, therefore, lay prostrate, one knee bent towards the king himself, the other towards his mistress; and only a small party, who might perhaps have been entitled to a little feeling of jealousy, as for instance the queen herself, the old nobility, or the cardinal prime minister, still formed, or rather tried to form, an opposition, although but a feeble one. The cunning lady knew this well, but felt the less apprehension; as again on the other side some of the most powerful and distinguished men decidedly belonged to her party, or lay admiringly at her feet. Did not even Voltaire himself feel highly flattered that she looked down upon him with favor and condescension? However, after the king himself, Prince Soubise stood decidedly the highest in her good graces. The prince, although past forty, was certainly still well calculated to please; lively, witty, and good-looking;

\* Continued from the December Number.

and besides, one of those *master-spirits*, who can assume every kind of passion without in reality feeling any. Thus, he was in presence of the royal mistress her most devoted admirer, who, with all the strength and energy he possessed, appeared to check the breaking forth of that passion, which in truth he did not feel; and the marchioness often observing the secret, but apparently violent contest, between respect and love, felt occasionally perhaps a little more inclined towards him than her royal friend probably would have approved of. But all this is a secret which *we* know at present only. The marchioness was too discreet a lady to betray her feelings; and therefore at that time even the most prying courtier did not think, or even dream of such a thing. Was the prince equally ignorant? Upon that question we plead ignorance ourselves.

"What is it you have forgotten, my gay bird of Paradise?" she asked when he entered, for it was only one hour ago he had left her.

"Alas! my dearest marchioness, with you I have always the misfortune to forget my own existence; and how could it be otherwise?" replied the prince, conveying her hand to his lips; "my own existence I have forgotten, as true as I live!"

"Explain, my lord; for by mentioning yourself, the subject becomes so vast, that I might be at a loss whether France alone, or all Europe is included."

"You are determined upon being severe to-day, marchioness; and nevertheless, instead of saying something ironical, you unintentionally pronounced the greatest truth. For, seriously, I came to speak about myself; that is to say, about France, which means about you."

"What poetical flights, my lord!" exclaimed Madame de Pompadour; "what a talent you must possess for odes!"

"And who does not who enjoys the felicity of approaching you?"

"But your lordship intended to speak about yourself."

"Well, madame, about myself, then; but my existence depending entirely upon you, all which is against you must necessarily be against me; and I" . . . .

"My lord, I do not understand a word. For Heaven's sake speak prose. Your poetical fire is getting chilly."

"Well, now then for dry prose. Do you know where those couplets were first brought out, in which certain low vulgarisms were intended as wit?"

"Oh, you mean those absurdities against me. Where? Perhaps at our poetical cardinal's. Have I guessed it?"

"Nearly; at his favorite's, that glutton De Gatty. The wretch, I understand, is at last deserted and betrayed by all his boon companions; for he is on the point of becoming a sacrifice to his vices, and of being sent to the — galleys."

"How! what is it you say?" the marchioness exclaimed with surprise.



"Immense *deficits* in the treasury of the navy, which you know he is at the head of, have been discovered. Some say upwards of several millions. This I forgot to mention to you before, and now you see I was right when I said it concerned me because it concerned you and France."

"But are you sure, my lord, your information is correct?"

The Prince then told her all he knew about it, ornamenting his relation a little here and there, and finishing the whole with the affair of our unfortunate auditor, poor old Larmes. He painted the villainy of M. de Gatsby, and the despair of the auditor so strikingly, touched upon the sufferings of the unprotected old man with so much sympathy and feeling, that the sensitive Marchioness shed torrents of tears.

"No!" she exclaimed: "it must not, it shall not be! This excellent, this virtuous old man shall not become the prey of that monster. We must bring the truth to light. Can you guarantee the correctness of your statement, my lord?"

"I guarantee every word I have said."

"In that case permit me to leave you. I must see the King, and to you, my lord, I am highly obliged for having pointed out to me the way to perform a good action. Enormities such as this de Gatsby meditates, must not stain our native France. The King's sentiments are too noble, too elevated."

"And may his protecting angel never leave him! Permit me, Marchioness, to press my lips on the fair hand of that protecting angel, that I may imbibe a tythe of its excellence."

The Prince departed, and the Marchioness bent her steps towards his Majesty's private apartments.

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#### CHAPTER V.

##### *The King a Man of Business.*

"I EXPECTED you long ago, my dearest Marchioness," said the King, rising to meet her.

"I was informed your Majesty had granted a private audience to the British ambassador."

"Yes; but that man tired me to death with his everlasting talk about business; so I cut him short, and sent him to the Cardinal. But what is the matter with you? I believe, upon my word, you have been crying. Are you not well, Marchioness?"

"In the presence of my king I feel always well."

"Kind Marchioness! but sit down. Have you brought your work?"

I am going to help you to thread beads, you know ; and then I have such a nice little story for you about *Mademoiselle d'Autun*, a little love affair, which you will scarcely believe. I thought I should have died with laughing. But I cannot bear to see my dear little Antoinette's eyes red ; therefore first confess, has any thing vexed you ?”

“Vexed me, Sire ! Alas ! must not the revolting baseness and depravity of so many men, and the daring attempt, even under the very eyes of the best of monarchs, to oppress and insult innocence in the most cruel manner ; must not this give me grief ? For then” —

“Speak, my dearest child ! I want facts !” exclaimed the monarch, his curiosity now fully alive : “and I declare, I must for once set an example of severity. What am I after all ? what is all my royal power good for, if I cannot even prevent that you should shed tears, unless they be those of joy ? Therefore, who has insulted you ?”

“The same who has insulted you, who has tried to bring dishonor upon the name and dignity of the best, of the most generous of kings.”

His Majesty was a good deal startled, and, continuing his inquiries with increased curiosity, the Marchioness related the whole de Gatry affair, dwelling with particular feeling and fresh tears upon that part which concerned old Larmes. Her eloquence never shone brighter than when, with all the power of imagination, she drew a picture of human depravity and baseness, relieved by a back ground of suffering and unprotected innocence.

“Well,” said his most Christian Majesty, with a sort of staring surprise, after the fair speaker had finished : “well, is that all ; and pray how does that concern us ? Let the courts of justice mind their business ; they will punish, no doubt, wherever punishment is due ; and now I must tell you my pretty story of *Mademoiselle d'Autun*.”

“May I venture one remark more, Sire ? when to-morrow comes no court of justice can avail. De Gatry may prevail, may be in possession of the auditor's written declaration, the latter fled and condemned as a criminal, whilst the former is honored as a faithful servant, and your Majesty the loser of several millions.”

“Ah ! there you are right. Why then it would be best to inform the Cardinal of it, I should think.”

“He is de Gatry's particular friend, they tell me.”

“Well, the minister of police will answer in that case. He might, meanwhile, send a confidential agent to the auditor, to obtain additional information from him, and then he may afterwards manage as he thinks best.”

“Excellent Sire ! how I admire your wisdom ! this idea did really not strike me, that if the minister of police can possess himself of the letter in de Gatry's hand writing, he is caught in his own snare and all is proved against him.”

“Of course ; you are a mere child in business, Marchioness, to be

surprised at the plainest proceeding. Such trifles are easily settled. I will send for the minister, but I almost think he must still be in waiting."

The King rung the bell, and upon the appearance of a page, ordered the attendance of the minister of police in the blue cabinet; and as he left the room to meet him, said to the Marchioness, "But you must stay, for we must have our laugh yet at *Mademoiselle d'Autun*."

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## CHAPTER VI.

*The Results of Business transacted by a King.*

It was late in the evening; the auditor was sitting at his desk making some memoranda, and 'Colas was standing at his side.

"Now, my son," the old gentleman said, in much better spirits than when we first met him, and laid down his pen: "now I have done. Happen what may, I will refuse Mr. de Gatry's infamous proposal. It is a beautiful thing, 'Colas, a pure heart and a clear conscience; with that you may defy a whole host of turnkeys, hangmen, executioners, and hell itself. And if they send me to the galleys now, I could smile."

A knock was heard; an agent of the secret police entered, and through the half-opened door several armed attendants could be observed.

The officer apologised for his intrusion, by stating that his visit was in conformity with higher orders, and inquired for Mr. Larmes. He came forward somewhat pale, and answered the inquiry with a quivering voice. 'Colas shook as in an ague, and could scarcely support himself on his feet.

"You had this morning," the officer addressed Mr. Larmes, "a very remarkable conversation with Mr. de Gatry."

The auditor bowed assent, but tried in vain to pronounce the monosyllable, yes.

"Are you still in possession of a paper which he gave you to copy?"

The auditor was utterly astonished at the minute information the officer possessed, and stared at him vacantly without answering the question.

"Will you have the goodness, sir, to answer my question?" the officer continued.

The auditor again inclined his head, without precisely comprehending what was expected from him.

"Answer me, Sir! I charge you in the King's name, if the paper is in your possession to deliver it into my hands without a moment's delay."

The auditor staggered to his desk, took the ominous paper from a pocket-book, and handed it to the officer with a trembling hand.

"Now, Sir, I must request the pleasure of your company. A carriage waits for us at the door."

"Whither?" exclaimed 'Colas in despair; "take me too. I know and will explain all."

The officer looked with some surprise at the young man, and said: "Although my orders are only to take Mr. Lames to the minister of police, I see no objection to comply with your wish. You, Mr. Lames, appear much agitated; compose yourself."

"Leave the young man here," said the auditor, "if your instructions will permit you. He can be of no use; I shall state the truth without him. It is his attachment to me alone which has induced him to this inconsiderate request. I know my accuser, and why I am a prisoner. It is Mr. de Gatsby. I am ready to follow you."

The officer replied: "I am not at liberty to enter upon your transaction with Mr. de Gatsby. You will probably see him, for he is likewise arrested at this moment. But now I consider it my duty to request that that young gentleman will accompany me."

"Mr. de Gatsby arrested?" exclaimed the auditor in joyful surprise.

"Yes! have you not heard it?" exclaimed the rejoicing 'Colas: "Gatsby is arrested and you are safe! now I begin to guess, to see — to know all — all! Come, come quick! Oh!" continued the delighted young man, lifting both his hands up to heaven, "Oh thou incomparable, blessed, heavenly" ——— he had almost said "Pauline," but stopped short and finished with "justice!"

They followed the officer to the minister of police, where they found Mr. de Gatsby already present. The auditor made his statement upon oath. Mr. de Gatsby betrayed at once an evil conscience, although, at first, he denied the fact. But when his hand-writing was produced, when he was confronted with the auditor, he lost all hope and self-command, and implored for mercy on account of his family.

Mr. Lames and 'Colas were, of course, immediately discharged; and the same evening did Mr. 'Colas, with some music under his arm, go on tiptoe to Mademoiselle Pauline's apartment, and pressed his beautiful sister, who stood before him in a splendid ball-dress, gratefully to his rejoicing heart. And farther yet, the same night did Mademoiselle Pauline, touching his hand to the course of the dance, whisper into the ear of the delighted Prince Soubise, "You have done a good, a noble deed!" And thirdly, the same night did the Prince, who had left the ball a few hours earlier on purpose, throw himself at the feet of the Marchioness of Pompadour and exclaim: "I must adore you! you surpass the angels!" And lastly, yet the same night did his most Christian Majesty express his satisfaction at Madame de Pompadour's being unusually witty and animated, on account, as he most graciously was pleased to call it, "*of so silly a business.*"



## CHAPTER VII.

*A Sisterly Promotion.*

NEXT morning de Gatry's confinement was the news of the day. Upon examining his books, greater *deficits* than at first supposed, were discovered. More extensive examinations and investigations became necessary, and several other individuals were arrested; de Gatry had recovered his usual "*sang froid*" and boldness, and denied every thing he was charged with. Long and intricate proceedings ensued, the result of which old Larmes did not survive; the panic of that ominous day had given a death-blow to his already weakened frame. Poor 'Colas was disconsolate at the loss of his paternal friend. True, he became the heir of a moderate estate; but that circumstance could give him no consolation. He would have preferred being a beggar, if thereby he could have recovered the good old man from the tomb.

However, even a disconsolate man must live, and therefore the question was now, "what to do next;" for the little estate left him was by no means sufficient for a decent living. "Why," said Pauline, "would not you like to succeed Mr. Larmes as auditor of the navy?"

"Heavens, Madame! what do you mean? How could I be so foolish as to aspire so high? Auditor of the navy! true, I did all the business during my poor father's life, and he had only to sign; more especially when he was confined by rheumatism. But for all that, how can you mention such a thing? *auditor in the navy department!* Mr. Larmes proposed me three times to a vacant clerkship, and never succeeded. No, no! my thoughts do not soar quite so high."

"Oh, how becoming that modesty of yours is," said Pauline, regarding the timid young man with great complacency; "you will grant, at least, that I stand as high in rank as your *navy auditor?*"

("Madame, you are only jesting.")

"And nevertheless your thoughts soar up to me," continued Pauline, without noticing his interruption.

"No, no!" 'Colas exclaimed: "your heavenly kindness descends down to me, beautiful Pauline!" etc., etc., etc.

A few days afterwards, when she, at a splendid and crowded party had an opportunity of speaking to Prince Soubise in private, Mademoiselle de Pons said to him: "Have you heard, my lord, that fear and grief have killed poor Mr. Larmes? so that he, after all, fell a sacrifice to de Gaty's wickedness?"

"Not a word, charming Pauline."

"Would you not like to complete your generous deed? you have it in your power to give peace to the perhaps restless spirit of the virtuous old man, by befriending his son, (his adopted son, I should say) Nicolai

Rosier, who now stands deserted, without a friend, without protection. He is the same young man, who, at the famous examination before the minister of police, implored to be sent to prison ; yes, to be sent to death, in place of his benefactor, old Mr. Larmes."

"I recollect something of the circumstance."

"Well, this Mr. Rosier was in fact the actual auditor, and old Larmes only lent the formality of his name. Fulfill the last prayer of a dying man, who departed this life with grief and sorrow for the gloomy prospects of his more than son. At that time you told me yourself that old Larmes ought to be richly indemnified for all the wrong and sufferings he had undergone. How will you indemnify him now? Alas, he is gone never to return! Grant your protection to the young man; he, the heir of his father's virtues, deserves to succeed him in office. But he stands alone, no tongue pleads in his behalf."

"How no tongue pleads for him, if these beautiful lips open in his cause?" lisped the Prince: "how would I feel if I could hear from the same lips but one word of compassion for me. Believe me, I deserve your sympathy more than the son of the auditor."

"Well, my lord, get very unhappy, and measure for measure, I will show you as much sympathy as you think proper to show me of your powers of irony."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Prince, "that just at this instant hundreds of idle eyes should be turned upon us! How willingly would I swear upon my knees how much I suffer. But I accept your promise. What is the young man's name?"

Pauline repeated the name of Nicolai Rosier, which the Prince put down on his ivory tablets.

At the right moment he remembered it, when on the following day he paid his usual visit to the Marchioness of Pompadour; and that lady herself turned the conversation upon de Gatry's trial, expressing again great sympathy for old Larmes, who, by the wickedness of his chief, had so narrowly escaped perpetual imprisonment, if not even death.

"Escaped?" replied the Prince: "no, Marchioness! you should say was murdered by that wicked wretch. Alas! fear and grief have killed the feeble old man. He stands before our Eternal Judge, and among the blessed gratefully mentions the name of that angel who saved him from infamy and dishonor here on earth."

The Marchioness was deeply affected, and the prince observing her emotion sincere, knew how to tune his own feelings to the same mood, speaking with sympathy about the melancholy lot of many a noble and virtuous man, who deserved better than he received. "His sufferings are over," continued the Prince, a tear actually trembling in his fine dark eye; "his virtues, his great merits, can only be admired; alas! it is now beyond our power to reward them; but among blessed saints they will be acknowledged and recompensed."

The Marchioness observed the tear in his eye, and it melted her, if possible, still more. "But has he left a family?" she inquired, almost sobbing; "we know the King is generous."

The Prince mentioned old Larmes's adopted son, Mr. Nicolai Rosier; spoke of his distinguished talents, and eulogized, with great animation, his strict honor and uprightness; then saying a few words about the vacant office, he concluded with, "And this excellent young man has to suffer want because no patronage is extended to him: he has none to befriend him, and why? because, forsooth! he is only the heir of his father's poverty and ——— virtues!"

Madame de Pompadour was still deeply moved, and taking with both her hands that of the Prince, said: "My lord, an accomplished and amiable courtier and gentleman I have known you long, but never, I confess it, did I believe you that excellent, generous, deep-feeling man you have proved yourself to-day. Do not hide your moistened eyes from me; such tears are precious. Accept my hand, a pledge of eternal friendship, and ——— that Rosier shall be appointed to his father's office."

When the Marchioness spoke to the King about it, he said: "Why, the minister of the navy has just left me a whole port-folio full of new commissions to sign. Look, if you please, if that man is among them." The Marchioness did look, and found a commission for a new auditor by the name of "*Meuron*."

"Well, then we will leave it as it is; the ministers understand such things better than we do; let us not interfere in their concerns."

"But, Sire," replied the Marchioness, "your Majesty's interference alone can complete the generous action which you so nobly began, and which still fills all Paris with admiration and delight. Your Majesty tore off the mask from a base villain, and saved an innocent man. The last thought of the dying old man was you, Sire, for you had saved his grey hairs from dishonor. Your name he carries gratefully to heaven."

His most Christian Majesty did not smile, but fairly burst out a laughing at this pathetic appeal, and exclaimed at the same time: "Have I not always suspected it, that you have some correspondent above? how else could you possibly know what the old gentleman has carried with him? My name is it? Well, well, to return the compliment, I suppose I shall have to send the name of his adopted son to the Navy Department." He erased the name of "*Meuron*," and replaced it by that of "*Nicolai Rosier*."

"Oh, how wicked you are, and still so kind!" said Madame de Pompadour, pressing the hand of her royal friend affectionately to her lips,

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Even a box on the ear may produce important results.*

'COLAS was almost beside himself with joy and surprise when he received the royal commission. He immediately set about paying his respects to the minister and other superior officers in the same department.

"It afforded me particular pleasure," said the minister, "to propose you to his Majesty, for I felt anxious to honor the memory of that excellent man, your father, in the person of his son."

"I have to claim but little credit for your appointment," said the next in rank; "but some exertion, I must confess, it cost me. However, being intimately acquainted with your superior talents, I felt in duty bound to propose you to his excellency, and to insist upon your appointment."

Thus 'Colas observed, in the course of his visits, that all his superiors, like the two above-mentioned gentlemen, had befriended him without his knowledge, in the most generous and disinterested manner. When he mentioned this to Mademoiselle de Pons, she said, laughing, "You are a silly youth, 'Colas! the principal person you have forgotten in your round. Go to-morrow morning and request an audience from Prince Soubise to kiss his hand."

"Nor is the Prince the most important character in my promotion," replied 'Colas: "but my charming, unpretending sister, whose pretty hand I will kiss a thousand times rather than that of the King himself." 'Colas was, however, wise enough to obey, and to wait on the Prince; and the Prince, who found in 'Colas a good looking pleasant young man, was again wise enough to hint that he ought to go to Madame de Pompadour to evince his grateful devotion. The new auditor again obeyed, and the Marchioness was far from being displeased to receive thanks, which in this case she felt conscious of having deserved, from not only a grateful, but at the same time a very handsome young man.

Mr. Rosier proving sufficiently acquainted with the business of the office to which he had been appointed, soon gained the confidence of his superiors; to which, of course, the mysterious mode in which the appointment had been conferred, contributed a considerable share. It was supposed that he had powerful but secret connections at court, and consequently every body treated him with distinction.

'Colas, well satisfied with his good fortune, and now acquainted with the secret road which accident had opened for him to the immediate notice of Louis XV., enjoyed the gifts of dame fortune with all due humility. Before, he had sufficient modesty not to expect or claim a station in life which he now actually held, and when he held it, not sufficient presumption to ask for more. True, this was not the result of genuine wisdom and philosophy, but it was a happy mixture of ease,



contentment, carelessness, and indifference. He was courted by that society, where he, as a commoner, could be admitted; and many a fair Parisian tried to throw her nets over him, which he, however, always easily tore and escaped from, on account of that same above-mentioned mixture of carelessness and indifference. Nay, even for the enchanting and beautiful Pauline he felt no more than a certain respectful attachment, and their intimacy was, on his side, more matter of habit than of passion.

Pauline, on the contrary, felt more; she loved him tenderly and passionately. But, however displeased she sometimes might feel at his cool respectful behaviour, in more considerate moments she felt again that she owed him gratitude for his "*brotherly*" conduct. For then she contrived to persuade herself that his coolness was assumed, and that he secretly loved her with all that passion her extraordinary charms and rare beauty so justly were entitled to. As to jealousy, there was no ground nor reason for whatever, for he himself would always tell her with perfect candor and truth the acquaintances he made, and the snares which were laid for him; and what better proof of his fidelity could he give, if not the general disposition of his character, already had been a sufficient guarantee. But nevertheless, she began to find fault with that he gave too much time to dissipation, and that consequently he had too little to spare for her.

"I am almost sorry," she said one day chidingly, "that I have made you auditor; better I had kept you at copying my music, then you would have had to stay at home, and I might have seen you as often as I pleased."

He promised to reform, and soon kept his promise certainly in a way much against his wishes.

One evening, going with some of his friends to a ball and "*Vauxhall*" at *Drouet's Gardens*, which all the fashionables were in the habit of visiting, he saw among the dancers an acquaintance, the daughter of the stationer of the Navy Department. She was well known and much admired, under the name of "*the fair Julia*." The young lady was perfectly indifferent to him, but she danced like a sylph with an Englishman, a Mr. Brown, attached to the Earl of Albemarle's embassy. 'Colas admired her dancing, and felt flattered at her giving him a friendly smile as she floated past him now and then. Mr. Brown, her partner, observed these smiles, and seemed not half as much pleased with them as the good-natured 'Colas. The dance being finished, and the English gentleman having led her to an *Ottoman*, 'Colas joined them. She seemed to have expected this, and breaking off her conversation with her former partner, soon took the young auditor, who had not even asked her expressly, to join in another dance. The Englishman, pursuing them with his eyes, looked gloomy, and it was evident that a storm was brewing.

"I hope I have not robbed that gentleman," 'Colas observed to the fair Julia, "of a better claim to enjoy your company? for his face looks like a thunder storm."

"Quite the reverse," answered the young lady: "I am much obliged to you, Mr. Rosier, for assisting me to get rid of that troublesome personage. It is quite enough that I have to see the gentleman almost every day at my father's, whom he overwhelms with attention and presents. I, of course, do not accept any thing from him. I hate him like a spider, and nevertheless he follows me like my shadow."

'Colas could not get rid of his fair partner in less than one hour and a half, she seeming determined to make a conquest of his heart. He was glad at last to be once more at liberty, and went into the splendidly illuminated garden. There he set down in one of the arbours and called for punch, seeing that the rest of the company enjoyed the same beverage. It so happened that the gentleman sitting opposite to him, was the identical English admirer of the fair Julia, who a short time before had given him such squalish looks: next to him sat one of 'Colas's acquaintances, a clerk in one of the public departments, by the name of *de Bonnaye*. A lively conversation was kept up, and probably because the party consisted of French and English, the subject upon which they spoke was the, at the time highly interesting and important, mission of the Earl of Albemarle. As in the respective cabinets of the two powers concerned, thus also, in the arbour in Drouet's garden, objections were stated, proposals made, complaints admitted, and claims rejected; the French party would not admit the claims of the British upon the immense territory between the New-England provinces and Acadia: the British complained of the French establishing *forts* and settlements on the Ohio river to destroy their trade with the Indians. The speakers, pro and con, appeared no less inspired by punch than by patriotism.

'Colas joining them in the middle of the argument, gave no opinion, but only listened. Mr. Brown, the gentleman with the thunder-storm countenance, became still more noisy and violent upon observing our auditor. He thundered against the arrogant diplomacy of France, and seemed to think that he necessarily must hurt his rival by abusing his country. But nobody felt less hurt than the kind-hearted 'Colas, who left it entirely to his countrymen to reply to the improper rudeness of the Englishman, and who considered this mode of conduct the more prudent as he saw that the conversation took a turn altogether improper for the time and for the place.

The longer 'Colas remained silent, the louder became Mr. Brown. At every imprecation which the Englishman thundered forth against French policy, he fixed his eyes upon the innocent auditor. Most of the French gentlemen, fearing that the conversation might cause disagreeable results, left the party; and the English, too, seeing that their countryman's political spirit was rather too much mixed with other spirits,

tried to lead him from the scene of action. But at this attempt his violence knew no bounds. "It is true, gentlemen," he cried over to the French party: "you are perfectly right! The cabinet of St. James does not understand its own advantage! The King, my master, ought to have sent, instead of the high-minded and noble Earl of Albemarle, a lady of known gallantry as plenipotentiary, and of them we have thousands in London much handsomer than the old and painted Pompadour."

At this insult to his benefactress, 'Colas broke his silence, and leaning over the table, he said with politeness and in a low voice, not to expose the storming Britton: "Do not forget, Sir, that you are upon French ground."

Mr. Brown upon this applied his fingers to the young auditor's nose, which by his leaning over the table happened just to be in a very convenient position for that purpose, remarking at the same time: "Why does that greenhorn stretch his nose over to me, and attempt to give advice before it is asked for?"

But he had hardly finished this sentence when 'Colas returned the compliment by a well-aimed blow on his left ear, which made him fall sidelong on his next neighbor, who was just carrying a glass of warm punch to his lips. The glass was of course emptied of its contents over the face of the reclining Britton, so that he could not believe otherwise but that his own precious blood was streaming down his visage.

All the English started up; the French followed. Mr. Brown drew his sword, 'Colas did the same; and before the rest of the company could interfere, the latter had already been run through the sword-arm, which produced a painful, though not a dangerous wound. All this had taken place in the course of a few seconds, and as quickly had all the Frenchmen disappeared, to avoid being involved in a transaction which threatened to become more serious as a member of a foreign embassy was one of the principal parties concerned. With equal speed did the English leave the spot to prevent their still foaming countryman, whom they carried along with them, from doing greater mischief. Only Mr. de Bonnaye remained with the wounded 'Colas, assisted him to a carriage, and took him immediately to a surgeon, who declared the wound trifling, the sword not having touched any arteries or nerves. He dressed it, and 'Colas drove with his faithful companion to his apartments in the palace of the Count d'Oron.

## CHAPTER IX.

*How the War against England of 1755 was declared.*

Mr. de Bonnaye, who in the course of the evening had been one of the most animated advocates of the French cause, continued during the ride, to harangue violently against the insolence and haughtiness of the English. 'Colas had no reason to take their part just then, and therefore, under the excitement which the pain of his wounded arm produced, he cursed them even more bitterly than his companion.

"I am astonished," said Mr. de Bonnaye, "why our court hesitates so long to punish the insolent arrogance of the British cabinet! If I were the King, war should be declared to-morrow morning." This expression operated like balsam on the auditor's wounds; he squeezed the hand of his friend, and said with a confidential air, "Rest assured, within a fortnight from this, all the English shall have left Paris and war be declared."

Mr. de Bonnaye smiled inwardly, because he thought this the influence of Drouet's good punch; 'Colas, on the other hand, thought of the influence of Mademoiselle Pauline.

According to the prescription of the physician, the wounded gentleman had to keep his bed on the following day. He had lost a good deal of blood, and a slight fever was the consequence. By a few lines he informed Mademoiselle de Pons of the accident, before she might hear it by common report, or even see it in public prints; for he did not entertain the slightest doubt that this affair would become the exclusive topic, both at court and in the city. He was nevertheless mistaken. The English were not personally acquainted with their French opponents, nor the latter among themselves: mere accident, and the nature of a public place of amusement, having brought them together; and besides, the whole affair, if known, would have passed for a common fray over a full bowl.

But the loving Pauline did not consider it in that light; having read, and read again the note of her friend. In a state of anguish for the threatened life of her favorite, she passed a long, long day. In the evening she excused herself from an engagement to accompany the Countess d'Oron to a party, by feigning indisposition, and went on tiptoe through a gallery forming a communication between the main and back buildings of the palace, to the apartments of Mr. Rosier.

With a blush of maidenly innocence and affection, she stepped lightly to the bedside of the invalid. Old Marcus, 'Colas's valet, a legacy of the late Mr. Larmes, discreetly withdrew to guard against intruders.

"How is it with you?" Pauline whispered to her friend, who feebly extended his hand to take hers: "what have you been doing? who



has wounded you? what was the first cause? has your physician prohibited you to speak? when did it happen? where did you fight? do you feel very weak? What physician attends you?

Enough questions certainly to require a whole evening to answer them. However, 'Colas contrived to tell the whole affair in less time, and even with all minuteness and a due allowance of flattery to Pauline's superior charms; when he slightly mentioned that he had been compelled to show some attention to the fair Julia. This of course delighted Mademoiselle de Pons, as a fresh proof of her lover's "*fire proof*" fidelity. She felt convinced at once that the Englishman, led away by a feeling of the most unfounded and unreasonable jealousy, had insulted, had almost murdered her beloved 'Colas.

"That wretch," she exclaimed, "he owes you the most ample satisfaction! If he was a Frenchman, he should be sent to the Bastille at once; but he is unfortunately attached to the embassy of the Earl of Albemarle. We must consider this matter well."

"There is not much to consider, Pauline, I take it," said 'Colas: "if I meet Mr. Brown, I run him through, or rather I invite him to a meeting in the *bois de Boulogne* as soon as I am recovered; although he did not act like a gentleman and man of honor, but like a ruffian and assassin."

"Would you make me still more unhappy?" cried Pauline: "for if fortune was against you, 'Colas, could I survive your loss? And if you killed him, would you not have to leave me and France for ever?"

"He and I cannot live together in Paris," replied 'Colas: "it would be best that all the English were sent away. It is said that our court wavers between peace and war. Cardinal Bernis is in favor of peace, and so is Prince Soubise. Speak to him. War must be declared against these proud English; if not, something will happen to me! The prince ought to be won; his influence is considerable."

The words were scarcely spoken, when Pauline already perfectly concurred with 'Colas as to the expediency of the declaration of war. Both enjoyed exceedingly the idea of so ample a revenge. And may not a love-sick girl be pardoned, if she, in the first moment of resentment at her lover's blood wantonly shed, has no objection to destroy the whole empire of Great Britain, and Ireland to boot?

As soon as Pauline on the following day had an opportunity to open the negotiation with the Prince, she did it with all that female *tact* and shrewdness for which she was distinguished. "You have heard, my Lord," she said, "that horrid affair of Mr. Rosier's, the auditor, who has gratefully and most honorably repaid, even with his blood, the favors you were pleased to bestow upon him?"

"With his blood?" asked the Prince, surprised: "I have not heard a word of it."

Mademoiselle de Pons had now to relate: in her relation the fair Ju-

lia was not mentioned, it would have been indelicate ; that our hero's nose had slightly been pulled, was omitted also, because it was unessential and not romantic ; and besides, he had made that affair quit by a blow. On the other hand, did she give the Prince to understand, or rather to guess, that the Englishman's insulting speeches had particularly been aimed at him and the royal mistress, and had by that circumstance especially excited Mr. Rosier's resentment. How, the Prince was left to find out or to imagine, from a few words correctly repeated of Mr. Brown's expression about the Marchioness of Pompadour. Prince Soubise, when Pauline had finished, was anxious to hear more, particularly to hear that which the Englishman had said against him. Mademoiselle de Pons looked embarrassed, as if it was too coarse for her to repeat. The more she hesitated, the more uneasy became the Prince, his imagination painting before his mind the indignities he *might* have suffered, in the most gloomy and in the darkest tints.

"And to the party of such men you belong, my lord," continued the lady : "what must Paris think, if you are so strongly, almost passionately in favor of peace with a nation that rejoices to scorn France before the whole world ; yes ! that even upon French soil dares to insult, and to expose to public contempt, the most amiable, the most chivalrous among the French Nobles ?"

The matter made so deep an impression upon the sensitive Prince, that he even forgot his habitual gallantry, which he never before in any *tete-a-tete* with Mademoiselle de Pons was known to have neglected.— "But from whom do you know all these circumstances so minutely ?" he inquired.

"From whom ? why all Paris *knows* them and *repeats* them," replied Pauline : "but to *you*, my lord, probably the last of all. The reason is very obvious ; nobody would like to hurt your feelings. But as to me, pardon my garrulity ; or if you will not show mercy to that weakness, grant it to my anxious desire to preserve your honor resplendent as it always has been, and is now."

The Prince assured the fair speaker of his everlasting obligation, and left the party more thoughtful and more serious than ever he had been before. He had certainly until now been against war, because he was against the Duke of Richelieu, who was in favor of it because he was to command the fleet. Now he wanted, in the first instance, better and more extensive information about the occurrence in Drouet's garden.— Fortunately, he remembered from Pauline's relation the name of *Mr. de Bonnaye*. For that gentleman he sent as the most impartial witness, and requested that he would state the affair with no other regard but that to candor and truth. Mr. de Bonnaye obeyed, and the Prince learned a few more circumstances, but nothing which concerned him personally. He put some direct questions upon this point ; Mr. de Bonnaye shrugged his shoulders, and excused himself with ignorance ; but was, from motives

of revenge against the English, ill-natured enough to give the Prince reason to suspect that the expressions used against him were still more indelicate and offensive than those used against the Marchioness. The Prince went immediately after this interview to pay a visit to the Duke of Richelieu.

"I have read," he addressed him, "your last memorial upon the demands of Great Britain. You have gained a victory over me with your pen, as you will over the English with your sword. I agree with you entirely. The English embassy must be sent home, and our declaration of war after it."

The Duke of Richelieu was agreeably surprised at the sudden and unexpected change of mind of his powerful political opponent. They embraced, and a perfect reconciliation having taken place, they then arranged measures to work the Cardinal, prime minister, and to bring round the King, together with the whole court. The Prince promised besides to secure the assistance of Madame de Pompadour. This of course was not difficult. His repeating the coarse expression of Mr. Brown, called a dark red spot on the lady's cheek, and a deadly hatred into her heart.

'Colas was meanwhile not a little surprised ; for while this negotiation was carried on, several courtiers of high rank came to visit him. They were sent by the Marchioness to make close inquiries concerning the occurrence in Drouet's garden. His statement was taken down in writing, and he had to sign it.

Three days afterwards the British Ambassador received his passports for his return over the channel, and on the same day the declaration of war against England was published.

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#### CHAPTER X.

##### *How sometimes Letters Patent of Nobility are acquired.*

MADemoiselle DE PONS received the first news of the important result from the Prince himself. Her delight was extreme, and she could almost have thrown herself into his arms. He observed her agitation, and interpreting it as an avowal of sentiments he imagined to have had the good fortune to inspire, he ventured to make the best of the auspicious moment, and snatching the beautiful girl into his arms, he pressed her to his heart, and committed the first and last robbery upon her rosy lips. Pauline was highly offended, and expressed her resentment by leaving her disconcerted admirer with a maiden's pride. The Prince felt, it must

be confessed, a little foolish at first ; but a man of his experience in the world gets accustomed to little defeats of that kind, and therefore resolving to act with more circumspection on another occasion, he left the palace more in love than ever.

Pauline was all impatience until the hour of evening, when she hoped to afford her friend an agreeable surprise by her important news. But unfortunately the Countess d' Oron had that evening unexpectedly a large party, and her attendance was necessary. She therefore sent 'Colas the news by a few lines, requesting him to expect her yet, but at a later hour than usual. 'Colas had already half recovered, and was that day, for the first time, out of bed. When he received Pauline's note he had already been informed of the departure of the English embassy in a far more surprising manner. A gentleman belonging to that embassy had called and handed him the following letter :

" SIR, — Only at the moment of our departure for England I learned your name, the name of a gentleman whom I treated in Drouet's garden in the most unworthy manner. In a moment of inebriety I shed your blood without provocation. I cannot leave France without having performed this sacred duty towards you. Suffer me to hope that you pardon me, and, as a proof, that you will accept the inclosed shares upon the French East India Company, yielding an annual dividend of ten thousand livres. Nothing but your forgiveness will I take with me from this odious country.—I have the honor to be, etc., etc.

S. T. BROWN.

'Colas was generous enough to return the valuable certificates, with an assurance of his being most willing to forget the unfortunate affair ; but the proud Britton would only accept of this assurance, and, sending back once more the damages, which he himself so generously had awarded, he left France for ever.

It was nearly midnight when Pauline's almost inaudible step in the gallery was heard by the watching 'Colas alone. He hastened to meet her. How much had not they to tell each other. He led her into his apartment, and produced his correspondence with Mr. Brown. She was surprised and moved at the same time by the Englishman's generosity. " If we could have foreseen this," she said, " I think we might have left the war alone ; the man who provoked us to it has made you rich.—He acted, probably, with the same degree of passion in his generosity and in his fit of jealousy, and therefore in both cases he acted wrong.—You are now richer than I am, 'Colas. Do you know what you want yet to make a brilliant career?"

" Nothing !" exclaimed 'Colas, pressing her hand to his heart. " I possess all."

" But will *that all* remain in your possession?"



"Who can prevent it? who can be so cruel to separate a brother from a sister? however, Pauline, one thing more I do want; it is nobility; then I may" . . . . .

He trembled, and could not say more for fear that the presumption of his wishes, which Pauline nevertheless understood, might give offence. She leaned with a blush of affection and love on his shoulder, and lisped into the ear of her too happy brother — "You are right; nobility *for you* will be necessary *for us*; we must demand it."

In consequence of this resolution, Prince Soubise at their next meeting — when, throwing himself full of repentance at Pauline's feet, and entreating but for one kind word — received his instructions. He received them in that peculiar and graceful manner by which their intercourse was distinguished. She had really changed her conduct since that affair, in which the prince committed so sad a mistake in person and circumstances, so that he had all possible reason for apprehending to have offended her very seriously.

"Tell me at least, heavenly Pauline," their conversation commenced, "that you do not hate me."

"I have no right to hate your lordship," she replied distantly, and in a manner calculated to discourage all farther approach.

"My boldness, I know," he continued, "has offended you, beautiful Pauline; but if ever you had the slightest regard for me, how can you all at once entirely deprive me of your friendship for the sake of an offence to which the most ardent passion for you alone could lead me? why are you so beautiful? accuse your matchless charms, but not the effect they produce. You know it — you must know it, I adore you!"

"Suffer, my lord," Pauline replied, "that I receive your polite and flattering attentions for what they are meant and for what they are worth. Your generous, your noble mind carried me often away against my will, even to — admiration. At present, — yes, I candidly confess it — you yourself have given me some suspicion against that same generosity and nobleness which I so much admired."

"I? for Heaven's sake, Pauline, can you believe me capable of ever acting the hypocrite before you?"

"That is impossible for me to tell, my lord; but this I can say, that your offended honor was most active in removing yon rude Englishmen, without ever recalling to your mind the brave man who first shed his blood for the sake of your insulted name. I expected from your generous mode of thinking, that you would have distinguished the man I allude to; that you probably, at the throne of our most gracious Monarch, would have spoken in his favor; that you, perhaps there, would have asked for him a patent of nobility or knighthood, which he so richly deserves. Your lordship has been pleased to banish him from your memory after your feelings of revenge were satisfied."

"Mr. Rosier, the new auditor, do you mean him?"

"I mean the man who, when your character was slandered, your honor assaulted, when all Frenchmen were struck dumb, alone had the courage to speak, to chastise the proud Englishman, the man, who probably yet this very moment, is suffering of his wound which he received — for whom? for you, my lord! and for you alone."

"Ah, how unjustly and harshly you judge me!" exclaimed the Prince, who nevertheless to a certain degree felt the justice of her reproaches; "are you informed of all the circumstances? If you had asked me, you would have learned what steps I have taken with the King, you would have heard that there is talked, not only of a patent of nobility for Mr. Rosier, but of the decoration of the order of St. Louis into the bargain; that the requisite ordinances for that purpose may, *for what I know*, be signed by this time."

Mademoiselle de Pons, for once outdone by the Prince, approached him, agreeably surprised, one step nearer. "So, then, I have really wronged you?" she said, in her most melting voice; "ah, then, it is I who have to entreat your forgiveness."

A reconciliation took place, as reconciliations of that kind generally take place. The Prince Soubise left Pauline more in love than ever; and her friendship for him was certainly not diminished by her believing in what he said to have done for her favorite.

But the Prince had to consider that he had purchased the pleasure this reconciliation afforded him with a — *fib*; for never had the thought of speaking in behalf of 'Colas entered his head; and if a hundred 'Colasses or Rosiers shed their blood for a Prince, why, no thanks to them. The vulgar *canaille* ought to rejoice at being permitted to enjoy the honor of breaking neck and bones for a nobleman of such illustrious descent. But at the price of a kind smile from a girl, like Pauline, quite another affair. In this case something extra must be done.

The prince found no difficulty to persuade the Marchioness of Pompadour, that the handsome young man, who with so much chivalry had braved death for the honor of her name, certainly deserved rank and title of knighthood. It is, of course, understood, that also here again 'Colas's merits were represented considerably more brilliant than they in reality were; but who cares for a few splendid expressions in such cases, more or less, if they produce the effect we want? and that they undeniably did here; for behold, in due time, letters patent of nobility, together with the cross and ribbon of the most noble order of knighthood of St. Louis, were delivered to our auditor; and he was, in strength thereof, together with his children, grand-children, and other descendants *ad infinitum*, metamorphosed into a high-born and most noble knight of the French realm. But fresh nobility is only so so; fortunately, therefore, for those who acquire it, for a few gold pieces it can be made as old as the most ancient in less than half an hour. So in this case, some heraldic conjurer proved, from the similarity between the names of *Rosier*

and *Rosni*, 'Colas's immediate descent from the *Duke of Sully*, *Baron of Rosni*, the celebrated friend and minister of *Henry IV.*, and a splendid genealogical tree of hot-house growth, the roots of which were planted somewhere about the ninth or tenth century, sprung up for the son of the seamstress.

"Any thing else wanting?" asked Pauline, laughing, and laughingly he replied, "nothing just at present; ancestors I have got by the strength of this emblazoned tree; they, however, will not derive much advantage or honor from my high and noble birth; but the descendants expressly mentioned here in these letters patent they will, and now where to get them from must be considered next."

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CHAPTER XI.

*How important a few Yards of Brussel's Lace may become.*

MANY wondered, certainly, at the rapid rise of our auditor, who in so short a time, from a simple copyist of the late Mr. Larmes, had been elevated into the illustrious ranks of nobility. And they were right to wonder; not because such events were unheard of or extraordinary, far from it. Nobodies were seen every day to rise into power and rank and again high standing men were precipitated into nothingness by one scrawl of the premier's pen. People were not unlike musquitos, dancing in the sunbeams of royal favor, and crushed when they became troublesome. Those were yet the happy times, which, alas! have vanished in the same proportion that reason and intellect unfortunately appeared among the nations of the earth, and of which the Sultanic court on the Bosphorus, the much-beloved sovereign of Morocco, and perhaps a few other courts, the names of which have escaped our memory, still hold out so pleasing and alluring an image. This was yet the golden age, when true merit and patriotism went for nothing, nay, became dangerous; but when the greatest blockheads, and the most unprincipled wretches could make their way to fortune and rank, if they only understood how to secure some influential patronage by means of a handsome baseness, by an amiable falsehood or by an ingenuous flattery!

And just this it was which awoke wonder at the gigantic strides of the Chevalier de Rosier on the road to fortune; for no declared patron or patroness of his was known; he was never seen in any anti-chamber of the all-powerful courtiers; not even among the admirers of any of the most admired court beauties was he observed. Of the poor orphan, the portionless Mademoiselle de Pons — herself a dependant in the

family of Count d'Oron ; and he, again, of no importance at court, nobody of course could think.

It did, however, after a good deal of inquiry and cross-examination, not escape the Lord Cardinal, that Prince Soubise had befriended the young auditor. Now, although it was incomprehensible what possibly could induce the Prince to favor this young man, there apparently existing no kind of connexion between them, it was nevertheless certain that he did so ; and that circumstance was sufficient for the cardinal, who never was known to lose sight of the most insignificant matter from which he possibly could derive any advantage, to throw his eyes upon honest 'Colas, with a view to attach him to his own person.

One morning 'Colas was sent for by the cardinal, who received him with with that polite urbanity for which he was so justly celebrated. "Chevalier de Rosier," he addressed him, "I have long been an admirer of your distinguished talents. You were intended for a higher sphere. I am rejoiced to be the instrument of promoting your splendid destiny ; accept from my hands your appointment as privy counsellor. A wider field opens for you ; in future you will exert your talents, under my immediate direction, in the department for foreign affairs."

'Colas was certainly agreeably surprised. Assurances of everlasting gratitude, and of most unbounded devotion were not wanting ; but at the bottom of his heart he felt convinced that all he said was due to Pauline, and that she again was the sole cause of his new promotion.

"By no means," answered Pauline, when he spoke to her about it ; "now things come round by themselves : as long as you were *nobody*, every footman would have trampled you in the dust, notwithstanding all the talents and brilliant qualities the cardinal mentioned. Now you *are somebody*, and all the slaves bow and make room for you. I should not wonder if they after this should make you at last yet, minister, count, and duke. You have as much talent for all this as Cardinal Bernis himself, who formerly only was an obscure poet, and most happy to obtain a pension of 1,500 livres."

The best profit of all these promotions was, in 'Colas's opinion, that he now could enjoy Pauline's society oftener, and without restraint. Count d'Oron was anxious to cultivate the new privy counsellor's acquaintance ; and the former tenant of a few apartments in the back buildings, whose very existence scarcely had been noticed by the high and noble born family, became a conspicuous member of their exclusive circles now that he rented and occupied a whole wing of the palace — next to the rooms inhabited by Pauline. Count d'Oron would have had no objection to behold in 'Colas a declared suitor of Pauline ; but they both took good care not to appear as lovers publicly ; for Pauline feared the jealousy of Prince Soubise, who, if he had known how fortunate and formidable a rival 'Colas was, would certainly have found means to send him ambassador to his Celestial Majesty of China, or his Blackish High-



ness of Tombuctoo. And besides, 'Colas was quite content to enjoy his good fortune in private ; to be Pauline's admirer in public could not increase his happiness.

His new situation brought him of course into new acquaintances and new connexions. He soon found out that diplomacy was not so difficult after all. A clever private secretary could, at a moderate price, easily be procured from among the commoners. and supply that learning and knowledge which occasionally might be wanting. To be an agreeable companion — to play a part in a complicated intrigue, to enter into the whims of every man of importance — to stir passions and feed them in others, but never show any yourself — to listen everywhere and observe every thing ; and, notwithstanding, to appear deaf and blind — all this is soon learned. After he had seen a little of the world he now moved in, 'Colas would often say to himself — “ How much we are mistaken as long as we stand down below, and look with awe and reverence up to the rulers of the earth. Indeed, every talkative barber has as much talent for diplomacy as a butcher's pretty daughter, to become the favorite of a King and to rule over an empire.” Be it remembered, however, that this was strictly a monologue, and that he already was too good a diplomatist to *peach* from school.

The same industry and assiduity which he had exhibited in the navy department, he now exerted in performing his new duties, not even excepting the most difficult and most tedious, among which we number the long and protracted dinner-parties he had to attend, and the many visits of etiquette he had to pay. At no dinner, pic-nic, or ball, was he missing ; and by the comeliness of his personal appearance, as well as by his unchangeable good humor, he soon gained the good graces of the ladies, and consequently he was at once put down and looked upon as a thorough *diplomat*. From Prince Soubise's intimacy with Count d'Oron and his family, it came that the young Countess and her companion likewise frequented the circles of the foreign ambassadors. 'Colas and Pauline met here with renewed pleasure ; but nobody, even there, could dream of the relationship between these two diplomatic characters ; and only in Pauline's quiet and elegant little *boudoir*, they compared notes, and talked over the matters and things they had seen, heard, and observed.

“ You, Pauline,” said 'Colas in one of these privy conferences, having by this time cast off a good deal of his former apathy, “ you, Pauline, are, and always will be, the queen of all these glittering beauties.”

“ But, 'Colas,” replied Pauline, “ did you observe the young *Countess of Staremborg* last night ? None of all the ladies could be compared to her in loveliness, and for all that she is not exactly a beauty.”

“ True,” said 'Colas, “ I thought her the most charming woman after you.”

“ Did you, indeed !” exclaimed Pauline, blushing ; “ but did you ob-

serve that magnificent veil she wore? It has positively the power of enchantment, for every body envied her, and declared it was the most perfect work of the kind that ever had been seen or known. Paris possesses nothing to be compared with it. Heavens! if I had such a veil!"

'Colas smiled, and said: "I suppose it is not the only one in the world. I will ask the Austrian ambassador to-morrow where the young Countess got it, and you shall have its match."

"You are a good child," sighed Pauline; "but you know little of the value of *this* veil. When we surrounded the Countess, all admiration, she told us every thing about it. It is a present from the Empress Queen — there are only three such veils in the world — the Empress wears one herself, and the third, alas! — is not destined for me!"

"Who knows?" said 'Colas; "it is certainly worth trying, and I think we have performed more difficult things than that."

"'Colas!" exclaimed Pauline, her very eyes sparkling with joy; "'Colas, if that could be done! Colas! with such a veil on, I, without hesitation, would change my name for that of Rosier!"

That was certainly a high prize; for 'Colas had, ever since his promotions, ceased to be a considerate *brotherly* admirer; but had loved her with all that ardent passion her rare beauty and real kindness of heart were calculated to inspire, and his highest wish was, consequently, to obtain her consent to lead her to the altar. Pauline, it is true, had given him her heart; but she had as yet shown no inclination to let her hand follow. Ancient and noble blood will now and then even betray itself with a girl deeply in love, when the object of her affection is of ignoble birth.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT NUMBER.]

## THE GREETING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BOUTERWECK.

A GERMAN's greeting is good as gold,  
And sweet is a press of his hand;  
He binds, as mother nature has told,  
Firm friendship's brotherly band.  
'Tis not the tongue alone that speaks,  
When his sweet "*willkommen!*" sounds,  
To his sparkling eye and glowing cheeks  
His heart in an instant bounds.  
His open lips — their lively play —  
His brow so pure and free —  
Though voiceless, tell, as clear as day,  
His frank sincerity.  
Like the soothing strain of the harp it thrills,  
When the German says "good day!"  
And his "Du" \* — upon the heart it steals  
Like the nightingale's sweet lay.

\* "Du," Thou, used only to intimate welcome friends — not like our "thee," reserved to poetry, pulpits, and Quakers.

## THE TREASON OF GANELON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF ARIOSTO.

Continued.

77

He soon, as he begins his way to wend,  
Is seen by those who from the heights explore,  
And sweet and various harmonies descend  
From the high mansion even to the shore.  
Nor had he long to journey, ere he kenned  
A beauteous train of dames, walking before  
The equerries, who unmounted palfreys hold  
Caparisoned in sendal or in gold.

78

They with fair words of courtesy invite  
Gan to ascend, and with them take their way,  
And two by two, a lady and a knight,  
They reach the end of it with short delay.  
Not Cræsus' treasure, nor the cunning slight  
Of Albert,\* or Vitruve,† of elder day,  
Or sage Brammante‡, could, with all the aid  
Of ages twain, have such a palace made.

79

Yet demons, by the witch Gloricia taught,  
Performed it in one night, while mortals slept,  
For in her brain of ore which Vulcan wrought  
The pure idea or archetype was kept. —  
That was in olden time to ruin brought  
When his Algean island Lemnos clept,  
Cyprus and Delos, from their roots were riven  
And hurled by Earth's tall children against heaven.

80

Gloricia held a great and splendid court,<sup>1</sup>  
Rich in Alcina's or Morgana's own,  
And incantations strange of every sort  
By her as learnedly, as them, were known,  
But was not so perverse, nor was't her sport  
To injure men. Courteous her mind, and prone

\* Albertus Magnus, bishop of Ratisbon, a celebrated philosopher and mechanic of the 13th century as I should rather suppose. Marcelletti understands it to be a compliment to one Leon Baptista Alberti of Florence.

† M. Vitruvius Pollio, a Roman architect of the Augustan age.

‡ This name, (which in some editions is improperly printed Bradamante) is intended to signify Donato Lazari Bramante d'Urbino, a famous architect and painter, contemporary of Ariosto. See Pilkington's and Bryan's Dictionaries of Painters. But what motive could he have for saying Alberto — if he meant Alberti?

To all humanity ; and 'twas her bliss  
To welcome to her house that guest and this.

81

In all cross roads and havens of the sea  
A sentinel, by her appointment waits,  
And pilgrims by their prayer and courtesy  
From every clime are drawn into her gates.  
Her splendid hall gives entertainment free  
To poor, and rich, and men of all estates,  
And grateful feelings in their gentle yoke  
Bind her the hearts of the way-wandering folk.

82

It was the general custom to be sweet  
On all her guests, and pay them honor due ;  
And now she came Maganza's earl to greet  
With such reception as she gave to few,  
Because, how sage Alcina's shrewd deceit  
Had lured the traitor to her shores, she knew,  
She knew that, had Alcina not contrived  
His coming, Gano ne'er would have arrived.

83

She had to India to the council sped,  
Where, to exterminate the heroic brood  
Who owned the son of Pepin for their head,  
It was resolved, and not a soul to exclude  
Except the Maganzese, who might bestead  
Their cause by favor, or give council good.  
Therefore the winning ways, which she bestowed  
On all, upon Earl Gano doubly flowed.

84

Gloria — on Alcina's charge intent,  
Who had him thither wafted by the breeze,  
And now desired that Gano should be sent  
To her rich\* Indo-Scythian realm — bade seize  
Him and his comrades and ship's complement,  
At dead of night, while slumbering at their ease.  
Not that it was the custom of the place,  
But an exception special in his case.

85

And, though more blame than honor men it deem  
To seize in your own house your trusting guest,  
And least to her becoming it might seem  
Who did her fame on generous manners rest,  
Still could she cite her credit to redeem,  
Some old examples long with praise exprest,  
The thief to rob, the homicide to slay,  
And the false traitor in his turn betray.

86

Gan, with his thirty comrades, in the night  
His weary limbs in slumber sweet embraces.  
But she bids take them all, and fast and tight  
In bolted chests the men of Mentz she places.

\* *Tra sciti e gli Indi.* In the Inam, it is called the kingdom of the Atarberians, and is said to be near the Northern Sea. C. 42 - 57.



Thereto of a fair vessel rigged aright,  
 The outlines on the sand Gloricia traces,  
 And in that ship of glamour she hath laid  
 Her prisoners guarded by an elfin maid.

87

Then wonderful whereas she thrice around  
 Had turned herself, and loosed her flowing hair,  
 The vessel, there depicted, from the ground  
 Rose steadily and mounted into air.  
 Her canvas to the winds that maid unbound,  
 Sails which the like enchantment had placed there,  
 And steered her heaven-ward, as some fair schalloop  
 Bounds o'er the waves with favoring breeze in poop.

88

Gan and his henchmen, as they swiftly shoot  
 Through middle air, above the earth afar,  
 And manacled, and fettered hand and foot  
 In those long coffers, like assassins, are  
 Fear-stricken, and for very wonder mute  
 At their mischance so strange and singular,  
 Cross the Levant in such a hasty fit  
 An arrow's flight would not have equalled it.

89

Not in the Cyrenair cities\* rest  
 Found they; but Nile and Afric out of sight,  
 And Araby the Desert, and the Blest,  
 Leaving, o'er Erythean waves their flight,  
 O'er Media, Persia, Balek, straight on they prest,  
 Northward by East. Now, fading in the rear,  
 Casia† and Sericana scarce appear.

90

And inasmuch as many them espy,  
 They soon excite a world of wonderment,  
 And keep men standing with star-gazing eye  
 Unmoved, and in an arch the eyebrow bent.  
 Some fools who mark them as they travel by  
 Two miles exalted over head, invent  
 A host of strange conjectures inexact,  
 Being too far to see the real fact.

91

That it was Charon's old infernal bark  
 Some in their wild imaginations thought,  
 Into the river of Cocytus dark  
 Bound, and with spirits of the damned fraught.  
 While others made a different remark,  
 That 'twas the holy ship, up to heaven caught  
 By good St. Peter, lest i' the gulf profound  
 Of lust and simony it should be drowned.

\* In the original, *Ptolemais* and *Berenice*, two famous cities in the Pentapolis of Cyrene.

† The kingdom of *Cashgar*, situate to the north-east of Bactriana, is probably signified. In maps of ancient geography *Casia Regio* is the most western part of Scythia beyond Imaus.

## 92

Some, other things, some, others thought agen,  
 Not less entirely from the truth remote.  
 Meanwhile through countries which we little ken,  
 Forth ever kept her way the nimble boat,  
 'Twixt Ind, where towns unnumbered swarm with men,  
 And Tartary which had few, till she did float  
 Above that sea whose waves in beauty smile  
 And undulate around Alcina's Isle.

## 93

Soon the weird maid her vehicle hath stopped  
 And in Alcina's city and abode  
 It, and her prisoners in it, safely dropped;  
 Then what Gloricia's message was, she showed.  
 Then ill at ease, and each still closely wrapped  
 Within his wooden case Alcina stowed  
 In a dark tower; then amply to the giver  
 Did for the gift received her thanks deliver.

## 94

At eve from his imprisonment Sir Gan  
 She did release, and to her presence bid,  
 And to discourse of France and Rome began,  
 Of what Orlando, what Ruggiero did.  
 Not from the eyes of that discerning man  
 Her hatred for the king and them lay hid.  
 That his own weal and safety might ensue  
 The Count from her expressions took his cue.

## 95

"If whosoe'er in Charles's court abide  
 "Thou, lady, with thine enemies dost score,  
 "Then am I one; my race, 'tis not denied,  
 "Among the Franks were seated from of yore.  
 "But if to love the king, and on his side  
 "Serve willingly, be what thou hatest more,  
 "Then hate not me, I love him not, but long  
 "More than thou dost, to work him shame and wrong.

## 96

"If ever it was meet, vengeance to seek  
 "On tyrant who had done you foul despite,  
 "Vengeance on Charles, and on his train to wreak,  
 "Above his other subjects is my right,  
 "For since he hath dishonored me, and eke  
 "The glory of my kin neglected quite,  
 "To see my foes with rank and favor blest  
 "Like a keen arrow rankles in my breast.

## 97

"Roland, my son-in-law,\* who 'gainst my life  
 "Doth ever plot, nor other thing desire,  
 "Hath met me oft with violence and strife,  
 "And Charles as oft, on his account, with ire,  
 "While daily higher, crowned with honors rife,  
 "Rinaldo, Astolfo, all his friends aspire,

\* Not by marrying Gano's daughter, but by Gano having married Bertha, daughter of king Pepin, his mother after the death of his father Millo, Earl of Angers. Canto 2, st. 78.

"Till from their power I find no sure defence,  
"Or in the Court, or e'en in strong Mayence.

98

"And what the most insults me, young Ruggier —  
"The fugitive from Trojan's hapless\* son —  
"Who slew my nephew, and my brother dear,  
"Hath from that monarch more of honor won,  
"Than e'er to Mars, whom ancients did revere.  
"Gradions, was on Roman altars done,  
"Therefore, with all my kin I took my way,  
"Nor there, to be destroyed, would tamely stay.

99

"If me, and those whom with me you have got,  
"Flower of the noble lineage of Poitiers,  
"Ye slay, or leave in duress hard to rot,  
"Ye set the empire free from lasting fears.  
"For not an enemy, with whom we plot,  
"But can with ease invade the French frontiers,  
"Since we possess — the country round about —  
"Full many a haven, fort and strong redoubt."

100

He went discoursing on with spiteful tongue  
Astute, and of that hope most often told  
Which in Alcina's ear most grateful rung,  
Ruggier and Roland in her power to hold.  
She heard; and saw how envy had him stung,  
And through his veins how fierce the venom rolled,  
And therefore bade them loose, that very hour,  
Him and fellows from the darksome tower.

101

But first she chose Sir Gano to adjure,  
By imprecations full of dread and awe,  
To persevere, till, in her hands bound sure,  
He placed Ruggiero and his son-in-law.  
She gave him gold and gems, success to ensure,  
Such aid as mortals from the earth can draw,  
And promised him, at need, whate'er resource  
Enchantment offers out of Nature's course.

102

One of the spirits whom they Lemurs† call  
She gave him in the jewel of a ring,  
Who should obedient be, and kept in thrall  
His bidding to perform. The limber thing  
Was hight Vertumnus, into aspects all  
Man, woman, beast or bird, or herb or spring,  
Of waters fresh, or rocky mountain dry  
Transformed within the twinkling of an eye.

\* Agramante, king of Biserta, and a large part of Africa, son of Trojano, was slain by Orlando. He obtained possession of young Ruggiero by means described in *Orl. Inam.* c. 50, and was deserted by him when he took flight upon the Hippogriffin as in *Orl. Fur.* c. 4.

† Spirite Folletti are such playful imps as work illusions and transformations without being clothed in fiendish terrors. It is an Italian and French phrase with no precise equivalent in some other languages. I have taken one of the nearest. *Spiritus Folletus* occurs in the intrepid latinity of Gervas of Tilbury; Pula says of Astaroth.

103

It should be mentioned, that, in order lest  
 Maugis\* the Franks should succour, as whilome  
 She silenced all hell's spirits, and bade rest  
 Spirit of air, and sea, and earthly gnome,  
 Except some few, not French, nor Latin, prest  
 Into her proper use ; of distant home,  
 And tongue so foreign, that learned nigromancer  
 Could in their dialects nor speak nor answer.

104

Unto the pact which, with the fay, the traitor  
 Made, one and all his followers set their mark.  
 That sealed, Sir Gano did not tarry late,  
 But went with them aboard the phantom bark.  
 A breeze, Alcina's chosen ventilator,  
 'Twixt the bright Indians and Cimmerians dark  
 Blowing upon her sail yards, like a feather  
 Raised her from earth and wafted with the weather ;

105

And like one rapt securely back him bore,  
 Within six hours, the self-same way he came.  
 He found, where he had left it, by the shore  
 His own, his real ship, and, in that same,  
 Of bread, wine, meat, and vinegar a store,  
 And salad for their supper. With sure aim  
 She, swelling all her canvass, skilled to thread  
 The Alexandrine entrance of Nile's bed.

106

The Emir's passport gained, in pinnace light  
 Sir Ganelon direct to Cairo goes  
 With two accompanying friends, and dight,  
 To shun discovery, in Ægyptian clothes.  
 The Caliph — for they oft were used to write  
 Epistles to and fro — no sooner knows  
 His name, than with caresses him doth load  
 That almost make his windy heart explode.

107

While Envy, hidden, gnaws the soul of treason,  
 And he, the while, is gnawing the fair germ  
 Of his lord's goodness, for which very reason  
 I did compare† him to a canker-worm,  
 With ire, love, hate, the fay at that same season  
 Smarts, and acute is her desire and firm  
 Charles to destroy. The nearer seems her prey,  
 The less she can abide the least delay.

108

Pontiers had told her "that before he weighed  
 "Anchor from France he had, once and again,  
 "Written and sent to Didier, urged, and prayed,  
 "That he, by troops from Hungary and Almaine  
 "Joined, as with ease he might be, would invade  
 "France on one side, and rush on her amain,

\* Maugis or Malagigi, a man entirely devoted to the black art, was son to Buovo di Agramonte, and cousin-german to Orlando and Rinaldo. See *Orl. Fur.* c. 25, st. 72.

† See stanza 37.



"While — at his bidding — 'gainst her other side.  
"Spain's king and Aquitania's duke should ride.

109

"Didier, who hopes had given to that effect,  
"Nathless proved somewhat slow of doing it,  
"Whether great Charles's power his ardor checked,  
"Or their alliance was not firmly knit."

Alcina, how the Empire might be wrecked  
Solely attent and anxious, all her wit  
And all her wisdom fain would exercise  
To color with good hope the grand emprise.

110

And for the nonce it needed her to find  
Spurs sharper than the sharpest nails, to jog  
Into a trot that Lombard, more inclined  
To walk, such dullness did his movements clog;  
And — as she had made Envy fill the mind,  
With new devices, of that ribald dog —  
So hoped she on some other plague to hap  
The laggard king to startle from his nap.

111

And none, 'twas her conclusion, could be invented  
Fitter his soul to fire and stimulate,  
Than that which hath its being, when demented  
Cruelty and Rapine are brought forth and Hate.  
How it is named, and in what form presented,  
I keep, in the next Canto to relate,  
In which I will my small endeavor do  
Strange things to tell but not more strange than true.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

## ENGLISH AUXILIARIES.

IN an article, headed "English Grammar," in the November number of the New England Magazine, are some remarks and questions concerning the auxiliary verbs, which, with the author's leave, I will endeavor to answer. M, (for so the article is signed,) speaking of our grammarians, says, — "They assign to many of them, (i. e. the auxiliaries,) incorrect etymologies, and, misled by this error, construct a grammar, which exhibits so many absurdities as to render our language the butt of foreign philologists." It seems as if M. had made some misconception here. The pronunciation of our language, the varying and arbitrary sounds given by usage to the same combination of letters, has often been the theme of the satire of foreigners, and we cannot blame them for it; though we know not that we can help the matter without more inconvenience to ourselves than advantage to them. With regard, however, to the auxiliary verbs, I never heard any complaint made, nor can I well conceive of its being made; for so few are they in number, and so limited in variation and meaning, that, even admitting all the "absurdities" M. is pleased to charge to them, they can be mastered with very little study and, with all the other irregular verbs in the language to boot, present much fewer difficulties to a student than the verbs of any modern language I am acquainted with. The proper and full application of the French auxiliaries *être* and *avoir*, seem to me far more difficult than all our auxiliaries in the mass; and the same may be said of the *essere* and *avere* of the Italian; and much more of the four Spanish auxiliaries *haber*, *tener*, *ser*, and *estar*. The German verbs, in the simplicity of their conjugation, more resemble the English verbs than those of the three languages before mentioned; but their three auxiliaries, *haben*, *sein*, and *werden* make a mass quite as complicated and difficult to manage as all those of the English.

As to the absurdities mentioned by M., I really am not aware of any thing very seriously deserving that title, though there are one or two anomalies of arrangement that might be corrected with advantage. I hope to be able to show, that what he seems to point out under this appellation, can hardly be deemed such; but for this, let us pursue the course of his remarks and interrogations.

"All of them say that *could* is the same verb with *can*, and is the past tense of that verb; that *might* is the past tense of *may*; *should* the past tense of *shall*; and *would* of *will*. They say this, because some one, unfortunately for the language, said so before them, and they have never

inquired into the etymology of these words, nor brought forward a particle of proof of what they assert." Whether the grammarians inquired into the etymology of these words, or not, we shall not debate. The lexicographers, whose more especial business it was, have probably done so; and their statements are in accordance with those of the grammarians, who may safely rely upon their authority for using the words as they do, till the incorrectness of the statements shall be established, and currently received. M. can look into Johnson or Webster for a corroboration of our remark.

Has M. himself inquired into the etymology of these words? I am inclined to doubt it; and, as an excuse for such discourtesy, will offer such scanty information concerning them as comes within my reach.

*Shall* is stated to be derived from the Saxon *sceal*, among the corresponding roots in tongues of a similar origin, are the Swedish *skall*, Icelandic *skal*, Dutch *schutten*. Among the earliest writers of the English language is Sir John Mandeville, who wrote in the fourteenth century. In his writings this word may be found, within a few pages, in the various forms of *schal*, *schall*, *schulle*, showing the unsettled state of the orthography of the times, and probably the various influence of the different roots above given; since all were more or less legitimate in a language so variously compounded as the English. The past tense he spells *scholde*, and I believe also *schulde*. Sir John Gower, who wrote soon after him, and whose disciple Chaucer was, writes *shall* and *schulde*. Chaucer writes *shall* and *shal*, *shulde* and *should*. From these early authorities there seems no reason to doubt of *should's* being the past of *shall*, merely on account of the difference of spelling, as this difference can be readily explained from the various modes once in use, which custom at last reduced to the present forms, by taking, however, unlike varieties.

*Will* is from the Gothic *wilgan*, Saxon *willan*, Dutch *willen*, German *wollen*. Among the various writers cited, I find it written *wil*, *wyl*, *wyll*, *wrill*, *wol*, *woll*. In Scotland it is often, to this day, pronounced *wull*, and in some parts of England as if it were written *wool*! The past tense was variously written when used as an auxiliary, *wold*, *wolde*, *wouldin*, *wulde*, *would*. The German has present *will*, imperfect *wolte*. Now, as *wol* and *will* seem originally to have been the same in meaning, if not in every thing but spelling, and that difference perhaps merely arising from ignorance or conforming to a vicious pronunciation, it does not seem amiss to consider *would* as derived from *will*; it certainly is derived from *wol*, and is as certainly the past tense of *will*, the auxiliary, to which *wol* is equivalent, and with which it was interchangeably used.

*May* has its root in the Saxon *magan*, the Dutch *maghen*, *meijen*, or *moogen*, and the German *mögen*, present *mag*, imperfect *machte*; and its past tense may be found in old writers variously spelt, *mote*, *moght*, and *mought*, some of which are still used in some parts of England, and

also *moight*. The variation to *might* is but small, and there seems no reason to doubt of the correct derivation of this tense from the present.

Can. The roots of this are the Gothic *cunnan*, Saxon *cennan*, Dutch *konnen*, *kennen*, *kunnen*, Danish *kan*. The original signification of the word is *to know*, and its use, in its present sense seems to be only an admission of the truth of the adage, that knowledge is power. The French frequently use the verb *savoir*, *to know*, in the same sense of power. With regard to the past tense, *could*, it seems doubtful whether it is from the same root. Webster thinks that it is not; but from Celtic stock of the language, and that he finds its primitives in the Welsh *Galler*, the Cornish *Gally*, the Latin *calleo*, and also in some oriental roots. It may be that he is right; but the Danish *kan* has *kunde*, the German *kann* has *konnte*, and our English *can*, which is from the same roots and of the same original signification, makes *conned*, still in occasional use; besides which, there is in nautical phraseology a various reading of the same words, *cun* and *cunned*; and it seems about as easy to soften *kunde*, *conned*, or *cunned* into *could*, as to hammer down either the Welsh, Cornish, or Latin to the same shape. The change is much less considerable than the burlesque one of Voltaire, in which *Kang-hi*, or some such word, is changed into *Atoes*, and would doubtless be much assisted by the close companionship of the word with *should* and *would* in use, and through all their changes of form and sound. Even if this instance be given up, the result is, that one out of the four auxiliaries which are the subject of remark, fails in having its legitimate etymological relation established; and this will not prove that *could* is not now, and has not long been, the past tense of *can*. Language is a matter of convention; and if men agree to place words in certain relation to each other, even though they may be derived from different roots, there is nothing to forbid their so doing, and the relationship thus established is perfectly legitimate. Such instances are to be found, not only in our own language, but in others. *Went* is now the lawful past of *go*, though its original present was *wend*; *vais* is the present of *aller*, and *irai* the future; though each is from a different root; *voy* is the present, and *fui* the preterite, of the Spanish *ir* in the same way; but it is needless to offer farther instances of what every scholar knows so well.

M. pursues his argument thus: "Is *could* the past of *can*? Let the question be determined by the common use of those (these?) words.

"The president *can* veto bills.

"The president *could* overturn the government, should he be elected a third time.

"The question may be asked, does *could* here refer to past time; but it need not be answered. Is it identical in meaning with *can*? Certainly it is not. *Can*, in the above sentence, is used to express a positive independent, unconditional idea; *could* is used to express a doubtful, (?) dependent, conditional idea. In every instance, in all languages, the



same verb, when used in different tenses of the same mode, expresses the same idea, modified only by joining to a description of the action a reference to the time of that action; as, he rides, he rode, he will ride; equitat, equitavit, equitabit."

"You *may* go to the theatre to-night.

"You *might* go to the theatre to-night if it did not rain.

"The man who did this *shall* be punished, when detected.

"The man who did this *should* be punished, when detected.

"That man *will* sink.

"That man *would* sink if the cramp should seize him."

"Let the reader consider attentively the import of *may* and *might*, *shall* and *should*, *will* and *would*, in the above sentences, and determine which of the two classed together is the past tense, and then let him determine the other question, whether both are the same verb, the latter modified only to express difference of time. He cannot need the writer's assistance to form his opinion."

Let the first question in the above extract be answered in genuine Yankee fashion, by asking another. Is not *could* the past of *can*?

"Let the question be determined by the common use of words."

I could not do it yesterday.

I can do it to-day.

Whatever he could do formerly, I can do now.

Leander could swim across the Hellespont, and a first-rate swimmer can easily do it now.

Does not *could* refer to the past time here, and is it not the past of *can*? Is it not identical in meaning with it, save in time; and does it not express a positive, independent, unconditional idea, as far at least as *can* does so?

Again:

The president *can* veto bills if he sees reason.

The president *could* overturn the government, if the people gave the power of declaring war.

I *can* come to-morrow if it do not rain; if it rain, I *cannot*. *Can* here expresses a doubtful, dependent, conditional idea, as much as *could*, their meaning is the same, save in time, and that they stand to each other in the relation of present and past time, is evident from the time of the verbs respectively associated with each.

Let us now try conclusions in a similar manner with the other auxiliaries.

I *may* set out to-night, if the weather be good.

He *may* have it, if he will pay for it.

In these instances *may* is plainly conditional and dependent, and having the same meaning as *might* in the phrase quoted from M.

"Three hundred years ago a man *might* look in vain for the genuine spirit of religious toleration.

"Cæsar *might* cross the Rubicon — to less than Cæsar it would have been ruin.

"With the plunder of Asia in his coffers, Lucullus *might* afford to give good suppers."

Here *might* is evidently declaratory and independent, its time is evidently *past*, and with a corresponding change of time throughout the sentences, *may* may be substituted with perfect propriety and strict accordance of meaning.

"If he *will* not come I must get some one else.

"He *will* succeed if any one can.

"Trajan *would* listen to none of their entreaties.

"He *would* not relieve your wants ; I *will* relieve them."

Is not *will* here conditional, and is not *would* independent and evidently in past time ?

I shall undoubtedly see him, if he pass this way.

He shall do it if I have the power to make him.

I told your father that he should do it, and I tell you that you shall.

I saw that I should fall.

I see that I shall fall.

These seem sufficient evidences of conditionality in *shall*, and of independence in *should* — of similarity of signification in the two, and of the requisite distinction in time.

The above illustrations appear sufficient to settle the question ; but more decisive arguments would be afforded by instances taken from the perfect and pluperfect tenses of the potential mode, since our common modes of speech render the force of some of the forms more evident in these tenses. M. seems to have taken but a very partial view of the subject. The fact is, that all the finite modes of English verbs, except the imperative, may be and are used conditionally, though with different shades of meaning, and the indicative and potential are also declaratory and independent, and likewise interrogative in all their tenses. It is true that the imperfect potential is very often used as a conditional and future, in a way that renders the past time of the auxiliary very indistinct, except upon careful consideration. The whole potential mode, in all its tenses, is essentially future ; and the past time of it only denotes that a period once future is now past, — or that a future time will be past time to some other period of time. When we use the imperfect potential conditionally, the necessity of putting the other verbs in the sentence into the corresponding tense, shows the correct time of this.

We would come if it *do* not rain.

We would come if it *did* not rain.

The first of these sentences is plainly incorrect from want of harmony of time, while the second is correct, the time of the two verbs being made to correspond. I will here add one form in which the past time is not easily recognizable, viz. "I *would* advise you to manage it thus,"

"I *should* advise you," &c. These are merely softened, deferential, or hesitating forms of saying, *I advise* — used for insinuation, through respect, or fear of committing oneself. Some such phrase as "If I were competent," was originally, and is even now often to be understood. If this conjecture is admitted, the tense of *were* distinctly marks the past time. A somewhat similar mode of solution will be found applicable to other seemingly irregular phrases.

The statement that in all languages the same mode of a verb expresses the same idea, only modified by time, is certainly erroneous. The French has a conditional tense in its indicative mode, expressing the modifications denoted by our *should* and *would*. In the preterite of the subjunctive, the verb frequently changes the peculiar import of the mode for the declaratory form of *would*. In the Latin the present subjunctive in the third person singular, often has an imperative signification, and the perfect of the same mode, with *quum* and *cum*, takes the force of the pluperfect indicative. Other instances might easily be cited.

M. moreover goes on :

"God *willed* it to be so in the beginning of time.

"God *would* it to be so in the beginning of time.

"Is the latter sentence grammatical and proper? If not, then *would* is not the past of *will*."

A most lame and impotent conclusion! The last sentence might have passed well enough five hundred years ago, but since that time there has been a division of the family of *will*. This verb is now used both as an auxiliary, and as an independent verb. To each, custom has assigned a different conjugation and manner of use, and a difference of meaning.

*Will*, the independent verb, is used to denote exclusively and emphatically the action of the will; it takes regularly *ed*, to form the imperfect tense and past participle, and if followed by another verb, the latter must be in the infinitive mode, with its sign *to*. In its conjugation it is perfect.

*Will*, the auxiliary, has no tenses save the present and past of the indicative, and makes its past tense *would*. When employed before other verbs the sign *to* is omitted, and in signification it ranges from a strong expression of will, to simple intention, purpose, or promise, or even to a simple annunciation of futurity.

In one of his instances M. has used one form in its imperfect tense, and in the other, the opposite; and because these do not agree, says that *would* is not the past of *will*.

Speaking of Lowth's Grammar, M. says, "Then the English had but just ceased to be a barbarous language." Surely he is, as Dominie Sampson says, "*somewhat oblivious*." Lowth's Grammar was published in 1754, if I recollect rightly, and abounds in quotations from Addison, Steele, Milton, Barrow, Hooker, Dryden, and others who flourished in what has often been called the Augustan age of English literature. Is it

indeed but about eighty years since the English ceased to be a barbarous language!!! A better grammar than Lowth's may undoubtedly be made, or perhaps has been made; but still his will not as yet be of any serious detriment to the language. W.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE, DEC.

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### 'SQUIRE JOCK.

SOME time since, in one of the western towns of New-Hampshire, was to be seen a man by the name of Jonathan Upton, by abbreviation Jock Upton, and sometimes called, partly in derision, and partly from observance of immemorial usage, 'Squire Jock. This title he derived from having been some time a practising attorney, on which class the dignity of Justice of the Peace is so often bestowed, that the whole profession is deemed to have a sort of prescriptive right to it, in the same manner as every prescriber of medicines is supposed to be properly denominated Doctor.

'Squire Jock, however, had never attained to any high renown at the bar; his mind was on a very small scale, and his studies had been but few and limited. In his most flourishing days he could aspire to little beyond the collecting of small debts, making a few writs, or such simple conveyances as suited the farmers in his vicinity in the lease or transfer of a field or farm, or perchance playing the advocate before some unlettered justice in a case of assault and battery among the blackguards of his neighborhood. He was not willing, nevertheless, that his light, however small it might be, should be hid under a bushel or any other such opaque covering, but was very assiduous in taking all possible occasions of display and gain, by making most of all such contentions, and by encouraging his clients of the class of creditors always to claim the assistance of the law in enforcing their demands; while, on the contrary, the debtors were always persuaded by him, that it was not wise to pay till it had been clearly settled by a decision of a court that payment was right and proper, the costs being said to be nothing more than a reasonable consideration for arriving at this comfortable certainty. In short, 'Squire Jock was an arrant *pettifogger*.

He was a man of considerable plausibility of manner, of a somewhat courtier-like graciousness in his bows and mode of address, with some smoothness of speech, and not being altogether destitute of ambition, aspired to be a great man. He wished to be thought a statesman, and perchance in the day dreams of his imagination had fancied himself com-



ortably seated in an elbow chair in the hall of the State Senate, and enjoying the prefix of Honourable to his name. Hence he was an assiduous attendant among the group of the village bar-room, the clusters that sometimes gathered in the store, or the still more motley collection of the horse-shed, willing in each and all to perform the part of oracle, and bestowing his most condescending courtesies upon those around him. Yet Jonathan was not formed by nature even for the humble distinction of a "*little great man*." He had neither reach of mind, strength of voice, nor hardihood of nerve enough for such a position; he was too fawning, and with too little self-reliance; and though he might give an opinion with considerable assumption of consequence and knowledge, were it stoutly contested he had neither courage nor arguments to enforce it. Consequently his ambition, as may be supposed, was doomed to disappointment; while as the wealth and intelligence of the country increased, more honest and able practitioners became numerous and intrenched severely upon the emoluments afforded by the law. In addition to this, from the character of his associates and the places of his habitual resort, aided, it is presumed, by his much talking, he contracted a thirsty habit that constantly beset him, so that his practice at the bar of the tavern became much greater than that at the bar of the court, besides fixing the costs upon himself often, instead of upon his clients.

Things with such a downward tendency it is easy to conceive will ere long come to the bottom of their descent; and the truth of the principle was verified in the fortunes of our 'Squire. As his emoluments grew smaller, and the amount of cash that came into his hands less, his love of tipping and his calls for means to gratify it and its accompanying expenses became greater and more frequent; and he was soon tempted to divert from its legitimate destination money received on account of his clients, and appropriate it to his own wants and gratification. This quickly and vastly accelerated his descending career; and he was soon at the bottom of the hill of fortune and reputation. His prosperity passed rapidly from its sere and yellow leaf into an absolutely naked and barren state, to be revisited and revived by no second summer of sunshine and abundant moisture. In short, to quit poetical phraseology, and come to the point in plain English, Jonathan Upton, Esquire, became a bankrupt, with the addition of being a swindling knave and a confirmed tippler.

Having no longer, from these circumstances, any means of support in the place where his domicile had been for many years, and having furthermore nothing either in character, in head, or in pocket, wherewith to do better for himself in another place, he, in Yankee phrase, "pulled up his stakes" and fell back upon his native village, in which and its vicinity he had two brothers, whose better abilities and more industrious habits had made them well to do in the world, or in the idiom just alluded to, had enabled them to become "forehanded men." On them, therefore, he threw himself and his wife for assistance and support, which to their

credit was not denied, though both from necessity and good judgment limited so as to prevent any real suffering, yet to check idleness and vicious indulgence.

Here he resided at the time of this sketch, in a small cottage at a little distance from the village. Around it was a bit of land sufficient for a garden, and for growing a few potatoes and a little corn, and furnishing the means of giving him some employment, and training him gradually to such habits of bodily industry as might enable him to earn his own living, and keep him aloof from pernicious gratifications. One thing was still remarkable in 'Squire Jock; low as he had sunk in the world, and degrading as is the vice of tippling to all good habits, personal as well as moral, he had not lost his ambition to be considered yet as somebody, nor that care of his personal appearance, and that modest assumption of manner, which might speak for his claim to such distinction. His wife was naturally or habitually a neat body, and with much the same ambition as himself, and from this agreement of the two it came to pass that Jonathan's exterior, though humble, was always neat. His shirt, it is true, was coarse, but it appeared, as far as might be seen, comfortably clean. The collar was well smoothed, and the corners rose above his cravat in fair and seemly proportion. The cravat itself was often nothing but a checked gingham handkerchief of somewhat coarse texture, but it was always carefully folded and neatly tied in a simple knot that corresponded well to its fabric. His coat, though it had evidently seen some service, was tidily brushed and carefully put on, and the rest of his array corresponded with these specimens. His countenance bore no marks of his besetting sin, and when sober he always paced along with a peculiar janty step, accompanied with, and perhaps produced by, a slight limp, that gave a sort of affected air of spruceness to his whole demeanor, comporting well with the extreme and courteous civility of his bows upon meeting, and the bland plausibility of his manner in replying when spoken to.

To provide Jonathan with the means of moderate labor with a partial support was not difficult, but to conquer his assailing drouthiness was a far more arduous undertaking. Means were taken, it is true, to prevent him from easily gratifying it, since the regular dealers in the desired articles were readily prevailed upon by his friends to refuse to supply him with liquor either upon credit or for cash. But necessity is truly what the old proverb calls her, the mother of invention, and 'Squire Jock's small cunning was industriously employed in divers ways to obtain occasional quaffs of the forbidden cup, which to him seemed nectar. Temperance societies, though now plenty almost as Canada thistles, had not then overrun the land, and the people employed in labor about the stores, and taverns, and such places in the village, were then in the habit of having their regular draught at eleven o'clock before dinner, and again at four in the afternoon. A little previous to these times Jonathan might

almost every day be seen pacing his way quietly into the village, with a large covered basket upon his arm, as if for the purpose of carrying articles from his garden for sale, or for obtaining supplies of some sort for home consumption. True it is that the basket was said to be very often empty both going and returning, but every one did not of course know this, and if they happened to find it out at any particular time, the 'Squire's ingenuity was but little taxed to account for it in some plausible way.— The basket, in fact, was both his shield and his mask. With this on his arm he would generally make his approaches to some of the drinking fraternities, and by joining in chat under some pretence or other, procure from some one an invitation to share in the potation; an offer never finally declined, though sometimes for form's sake modestly refused at first with thanks.

After awhile, however, his visits became too frequent, and his habits too well known, and the invitations to companionship in the cup, however unlike angel's visits in other respects, became very similar in number and frequency. Still the thirst continued unabated, and many were the tricks to which recourse was had to obtain that which was neither readily given nor bought; and rather than not obtain it, despite the consequences that his legal knowledge, small as it was, could but have placed visibly and palpably before him, the 'Squire would not even abstain from having recourse to the only remaining way of obtaining the precious commodity. Several instances of detection and disgrace, and even of contumelious buffeting occurred to him in consequence of this, one of which, was on the whole somewhat amusing.

At the distance of a mile or so above the village was a brook, which, after flowing for awhile through a broad and sunny meadow, suddenly made a leap of some fifty or sixty feet over a ledge of rocks into a narrow gulf, through which it wound for some considerable distance, ere it again emerged to sunshine in the plain below. The gulf was little more than thirty feet across at the top, and its steep rocky sides and edges were thickly covered with a growth of pines and hemlocks that, meeting and interlacing their branches over it, gave it a twilight obscurity even at noon-day. In earlier days, when dense forests of the same kind of trees interspersed with black oak overspread the whole country round, the spot was extremely gloomy, and the natives viewed it with a kind of awe as one of the haunts of their evil spirit. Even the whites, when it first came into their possession, received from its original possessors some of the superstitious notions attached to it, and it familiarly went under the name of the "Devil's Gulley," and some marvellous tales were associated with its name. At the time of which I write, these fantasies had, however, all passed away, and even its former name and repute were unknown save to the elders of the land, and by them rarely mentioned but among the reminiscences of their boyhood; and so little fear had the present inhabitants of the region, that they were actually invading his Satanic

majesty's spot of pleasaunce, for the purpose of converting his cascade to the ignoble occupation of turning a grist-mill.

For this end, a huge cavity was scooped out of the solid rock composing the sides of the gulley, immediately below the ledge over which the water fell and inclosed in masonry, forming a spacious receptacle for the machinery of the mill, divided by floors into several stories below the level of the bank. As this was a work of much toil and extent, many laborers were employed, and a goodly sized jug was carried with them containing their rations of liquor for the day. To this place among others 'Squire Jock was in the habit of resorting occasionally, to see what was going on, and to obtain if possible an invitation to partake of the liquor. When after a while such invitations ceased to come, he would loiter about in the vicinity till the workmen went to take their meals at a house not far off, and then make his way to the spot where the drink was usually kept, and remove a portion of the deposits. In this he was one day detected by a workman who had lingered behind the rest, and the fact being communicated to the others, it was resolved to serve the 'Squire with a summary process should the offence be repeated.

Not long afterwards, on a July day of most intense heat, when the rays of the sun descending from a cloudless sky seemed to scorch the face of the earth and to wither the leaves that hung from the branches, unvisited by a single breath of air to cool their surface, or sway them on their stems, Jonathan's thirst was so intense, and his fancied relish of a cup of cool New-England so vivid, that he could not forbear visiting his old haunts. Making his approaches cautiously, he found, as he thought, that he had nicked the time most admirably. They were all gone to dinner, and in its wonted nook stood the well-known jug, plunged to its middle in a pail of water garnished with large lumps of ice. This sight, after his long and hot walk, seemed like a vision of paradise, and unable to restrain his rapture and his longing, he stopped not to pour out the draught into a drinking vessel, but lifted the capacious jug itself to his mouth, whence he did not remove it till he was compelled by want of breath, when he slowly set it down, heaving at the same time a sigh of as exquisite delight as ever thrilled through the frame of Apicius. Intending to repeat his draught ere he went away, he did not replace the jug in the pail, but put it on the ground, and sat down on a block of stone beside it to rest himself a minute or two and enjoy his treat. Before, however, he had turned to pay his devotions a second time to the precious beverage, he was startled by perceiving the workmen passing the shed in which he sat, on their return from dinner. Several went by without noticing him, and he drew himself back as much as possible, hoping that he might escape the observation of all. In this, however, he was disappointed, for one of the principal masons turning from the course pursued by the rest, came directly towards him and entered the shed. Escape was impossible, and the 'Squire's small wits were most la-



mentably and hopelessly busied in endeavoring to coin some lie which might serve as an excuse for his situation, even glancing at the expediency of being sun-struck, or having a dreadful fit of the cholic, when, before he could speak, the man saluted him civilly with a "Good day, 'Squire Upton," and without appearing to notice his confusion or the displacement of the jug at his side, after a trifling question or two asked him if he had been down into the mill that day. Jock replying in the negative, the man told him that if he would go down with him, he would show him something curious, as in knocking away some projecting pieces of the rock to make room for the placing of some of the machinery, they had made quite a discovery.

Glad enough to be released from so questionable a predicament as that in which he then was, 'Squire Jock sprang to his feet in an instant, saying that he would accompany him with much pleasure, as he found great delight in seeing every thing that was rare and wonderful; and notwithstanding he found his brain inclined to reel a little from the effects of his stolen refreshment, managed to step along tolerably by the side of his guide, saying something however about the bad effects of the heat upon the nerves of his leg rendering his steps unsteady, by way of accounting for any unnecessary deviations from a right line that his companion might chance to observe. On entering the mill they passed by two or three of the workmen, who said nothing, though Jock thought that he observed something of a derisive and malicious expression in the countenance of one of them, the same who on a former occasion had caught him in the act of purloining the spirit. Conscious of his late repetition of the offence, the 'Squire brushed hastily along with as steady a step, and as sober an aspect as he could possibly assume, and followed his conductor down a rude flight of stairs into the depths of the building, though he thought as he descended out of sight, he heard a chuckle of low mocking laughter that sounded rather unpleasantly to his ears, dwelling upon them like a voice of evil omen.

Passing two or three floors they came at length to the deepest part of the excavation now, as it was walled in, forming a pit in which was to be placed the huge water-wheel by which the whole machinery of the mill was to be put in motion. From the upper end of this pit projected the top of a ladder, upon which his guide immediately began to descend, while Jock followed, not without some little trepidation arising alike from the darkness and great depth of the pit, and a little consciousness that his head was not in the best condition for keeping the centre of gravity perfectly balanced. Clinging tightly, however, by his hands, he descended safely till he reached a platform about two thirds of the way down.— Here his conductor had stopped, and now stood before a large hole in the rock, which it seemed to penetrate for some distance, "Now follow me carefully, 'Squire," said the man, and stooping, crawled on his hands and knees into the cavity. Jonathan rather hesitatingly followed him,

much incommoded by the roughness of the path and the constrained attitude in which he found himself obliged to travel. From these inconveniences, however, he was soon relieved, as after advancing a few yards he found himself in a tolerably spacious cavern with a level floor, pervaded by a dim light that seemed to proceed from the farther end. Towards this they made their way, and as his eyes became accustomed to the obscurity, Jonathan perceived, upon nearly reaching it, that he stood at the mouth of a recess at the upper end of the cavern, the bottom of which was occupied by a pool of transparent water, apparently some three or four feet deep with a bottom of bright yellow sand, while the roof, considerably lower than that of the main cavern, appeared to be composed of some translucent stone, like alabaster or some of the varieties of quartz.

"There," said his companion, "there, 'Squire Upton, is something worth looking at, and worth knowing about too! Here is a natural bath, the like of which is not to be found in the whole United States. We are now right under the bed of the mill-pond. When the pond was drawn off awhile ago, I noticed that great white rock right in the middle of it, where the current of the brook as the water was drawn off, had swept away all the mud and slime from the rocky bottom of the pond. I have often seen great masses of that white stone mixed in with the rocks in this part of the country, and did not think much about it at the time, though I warrant you if I had known then what was under it, I should'nt have been so quiet. What a complete window it makes to light the bath! and nobody can see through it either. Come, 'Squire, if you want to cool yourself after your long walk in this awfully hot day, you can't do better than to take a dip in the bath; it is all ready for you, and it would be well worth while to do it, if it were but to be able to say that you had done it."

'Squire Jock did indeed feel hot; the air of the cavern, contrary to what might be expected from its situation, was hot and sultry, and he seemed to perceive it more the longer he stood talking and looking. Approaching the edge of the pool he stooped and tried its temperature with his hand. The water was delightfully soft, and of just that pleasant coolness that is most grateful to a weary and heated man; so without much delay the 'Squire stripped himself and jumped in. The sensation was delicious, and after wading round and plunging under the surface a few times, that he might enjoy its refreshing effects with the greater zest and ease, he seated himself upon a projection under water at the farther end, where he could rest with much comfort immersed just to the chin.

His companion, meanwhile, had remained standing at the mouth of the recess, and as Jock looked complacently towards him as he faced about upon taking his seat, observed: "That is delightful now, isn't it Squire? I calculate such a bathing will serve you for a long time." As he spoke

a derisive smile seemed to Jock to pass over his face, and upon a second glance his appearance was no longer the same. His features became stern and mocking, and seemed to be overspread with a hot metallic glow, while at each expiration a slight blue vapor, as Jock fancied, curled upward from his nostrils. While gazing at him, Jonathan did not at first notice that the temperature of the element in which he was immersed grew warmer; but was soon obliged to do so, by feeling a painful and almost scalding sensation of heat, pervading the whole surface of his body and limbs; while the air that he breathed, seemed steamy and oppressive with the reeking fumes of a distillery. At most times such an effluvia would have been the perfection of odours to the 'Squire's nostrils, far surpassing all the fabled scents of "Araby the blessed;" but at present it struck him with unwonted alarm and consternation. He hastily sprang up, with the intention of jumping out of the bath; but to his great dismay was opposed by his guide, who brandishing a huge, glowing, three-pronged fork, which Jonathan had not before seen, presented it to his breast, crying out in a voice of thunder, "Back, rum stealer! you would sell your soul for liquor, and it is my business to see that you now have enough of it." Jonathan started back in dismay, for in addition to the terrors of the fork, and the threatening action with which it was accompanied, he indistinctly saw something flourishing behind his guide, like a long fiery tail with an arrow-headed extremity. He looked to his head, there he beheld horns as of glowing brass, and hastily transferring his glance to his feet, it fell upon cloven hoofs of the same fearful material. Some indistinct remembrance of the old legends of the "Devil's Gully" flashed into his brain, together with the sight before him, filling him with such mortal terror, that his knees sank under him, and he fell almost fainting in the pool. His faintness, however, was but momentary, for an instantaneous and intense sensation of smarting in his eyes and nostrils made him start up immediately, as he found that the late pure element in which he had sported, was now converted into hot New-England rum. Blinded, choked, and staggering, he made out to regain his seat, while by rubbing his eyes and sneezing, he endeavored to recover his perceptions. As soon as he could see, the first object that met his eyes was his fearful opponent, still brandishing his formidable weapon, standing directly opposite to him, looking more fearful than ever. Casting his eyes hastily round, to see if no crevice in the rocks presented a chance for escape, he perceived to his unspeakable terror, that the sides of the recess were rapidly closing in, and the transparent roof settling down above his head. In mortal affright he again sprang forward, and was again repulsed by the dreadful trident, and the more horrible personage that wielded it, and again was he obliged to seat himself upon his projecting rock. As the size of the pool diminished, its liquid became hotter than before, and the rapidly lowering roof soon touched his head. To his utter and grateful surprise, it felt cold like

ice, and that it was indeed ice, he soon became convinced, by finding that as it settled with a gentle pressure upon his head, the heat of this quickly melted a cavity in it, and the cool moisture from the dissolution trickled down his face. Eagerly did he open his mouth to catch the refreshing moisture, thirsting, for the first time for many years, for a draught of cold water; but this gratification was denied, for though his mouth received the trickling stream, the evidence of his palate soon convinced him that this ice was nothing but *frozen rum*.

Soon the sensation of cold on his head became so intense as to amount to agony, increased by its contrast with the equally intense and painful heat of his body and limbs—he shrieked aloud with the torture he endured, and was answered by his tormentor with a loud and prolonged roar of derision; which, as its echoes died away, was replied to by distant peals of laughter from above, as if the workmen knew and were enjoying his suffering. This circumstance drove him to desperation; and shutting his eyes, he writhed and struggled in the impotent attempt to free himself from the ice and rocks which now well nigh incased him; a reiterated volley of laughter attended his efforts; with it ringing in his ears he still prolonged his exertions with frantic energy, when all at once the barriers seemed to give way, and opening his eyes, he found himself lying on his back under a broiling sun, upon the hot sand in front of the shed where he had committed his offence, while beneath it sat a group of workmen looking at him and laughing obstreperously; and as soon as they perceived that he noticed them, he was again saluted with the opprobrious epithet of “rum stealer!” Jonathan immediately attempted to start up, that he might run away; but his first efforts were counteracted by something that restrained the free movements of his head, which still seemed partially imprisoned in the dissolving ice. The pressure and the cold were no illusion, neither was the heat of his body and limbs, though instead of boiling rum, they were but steeping in hot sunshine and hotter sand. After a few struggles, however, the weight upon his head suddenly fell off, and gaining his feet, he found himself bareheaded, with his hat beside him. Stooping to pick it up, he found it almost filled with wet black mud, still retaining deeply the impression of his cranium. Without stopping, however, for an explanation, he hastily seized it, and made the best of his way off, followed, till out of sight, by the laughter and jeers of the workmen.

The truth was, that so protracted and deep had been his draught, that he had swallowed at one breath enough liquor to intoxicate him at any time, and being taken undiluted, while he was much fatigued and heated with a long walk under a burning sun, its effect upon his brain was almost instantaneous, so that he fell asleep immediately upon sitting down upon the block of stone, as was before related. Here he was found a short time after by the men, when they returned from dinner. His state and the jug beside him told the story plainly enough; and after a short con-



sultation, it was determined to cool and sober him in the mill-pond. Thither he was instantly conveyed and repeatedly ducked, but, so sound was his sleep, without awakening. The men then laid him down in the hottest sunshine to dry, and partly to obviate any bad effects from the conjoined effects of the liquor and the heat upon his head, and partly to carry on their waggery, they filled his hat with mud from the bottom of a cold spring near by, and forced it down upon his head; then leaving him to finish his nap at leisure, while some of them sat by to watch the effects of their proceedings. For a full hour did Jonathan lie in that position, till he was well dried in the sunshine, when he at last began to struggle violently, as if under the influence of a dream, greatly to the amusement of his watchers, and finally awoke. Dreaming indeed he had been. Though the torpor produced by the drink had been too deep wholly to give way, at first, to the rough treatment of which he had been the subject, yet it had not prevented all impressions upon the sensorium; and those acquainted with the philosophy of dreams may readily trace the connexion between the train of circumstances affecting the outward man, and the visions that with somewhat corresponding changes occupied his brain.

It is needless to say that 'Squire Upton did not again repeat his visits to the "Devil's Gully," though by telling his dreams to some pot-companion, it has spread abroad, and bids fair to become a legend, likely to supersede entirely those which the spot once claimed in olden time.

Q. S.

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### THE FRATRICIDE'S DEATH.

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#### A RHAPSODY.

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THE following extravaganza was composed under circumstances which render it what Coleridge calls a "psychological curiosity." The writer, who was an habitual opium eater, had been reading late in the night the Confession of a Russian Fratricide, recorded by a French priest, who attended him in his last moments. The narrative was so powerfully written, and so thrillingly affected the reader, that when he dosed in his chair, under the influence of an unusually large dose of the "damnable drug," the several incidents in the narrative arose bodily before his eyes, in horribly vivid reality, and simultaneously the words and verses representing those images suggested themselves to him spontaneously, and were so deeply imprinted on his memory that when he awoke he had little difficulty in recalling them, and arranging them in the form in which they are now presented to the reader.

The universe shook as the monarch past  
 On the way to his northern throne;  
 His robe of snow around him he cast,  
 He rode on the wings of the roaring blast,  
 And beneath him dark clouds were blown.

His furrowed and hoary brow was wreathed  
 With a crown of diamond frost ;  
 Even Space was chilled wherever he breathed,  
 And the last faint smiles which summer bequeathed,  
 Ere she left the world were lost.

The leaves which wan Autumn's breath had seared,  
 Stern Winter swept away ;  
 Dark and dreary all earth appeared,  
 The very beams of the bright sun feared  
 To pursue their accustomed way.

Mirth's merry laugh at that moment fled,  
 And Pleasures's fair cheek grew pale ;  
 The living sat like the stony dead,  
 The rough torrent froze in its craggy bed,  
 And heaven's dew turned to hail.

The forest trees waved their heads on high,  
 And shrunk from the storm's fierce stroke ;  
 The lightning flashed as from God's own eye,  
 The thunderbolt crashed through the startled sky  
 As it split the defying oak.

The proud lion trembled and hushed his roar,  
 The tigers crouched in fear ;  
 The angry sea beat the shuddering shore,  
 And the deafening voice of the elements' war  
 Burst terribly on man's ear.

I stood by the bed where the prisoner lay,  
 The lamp gave a fitful light,  
 His soul was struggling to pass away ;  
 Oh God ! how I prayed for the coming of day,  
 Death was awful in such a night.

His cheek was hollow, and sunk, and wan,  
 And his lips were thin and blue ;  
 The unearthly look of that dying man,  
 As his tale of horror he thus began,  
 Sent a chill my warm heart through.

"The plague-spots of crime have sunk deep in my heart,  
 And withered my whirling brain ;  
 The stamp-mark of murder could never depart  
 From this brow, where the angel of death's fiery dart  
 Had graven the curse of Cain.

Remorse has oft waved his dusky wings  
 O'er the path I was *doomed* to tread ;  
 Despair has long frozen Hope's warm springs,  
 I have felt the *soul's* madness which memory brings  
 When she wakes up the murdered dead.

Tell me not now of God's mercy or love,  
 All hope of pardon is past ;

A *brother's* blood cries for vengeance above,  
This brand on my brow would my foul crime prove,  
My torment for ever must last.

Thou need'st not tremble! this arm is bound,  
And its iron strength is gone;  
Despair came down in the hollow sound  
Of my fetters, which clanked on the loathing ground  
Where my wearied limbs I had thrown.

I snatched the knife from my jailor's side  
And buried it in my breast;  
But they cruelly stanch'd the gushing tide,  
And closed the wound, tho' 'twas deep and wide,  
And *still* I might not rest.

Day after day I had gnawed my chain,  
Till I sharpened the stubborn link;  
But when I had pierced the swollen vein,  
And was writhing in death's last dreadful pain —  
While just on eternity's brink,

Even then the Leech's skill prevailed,  
I was saved for a darker fate;  
My very *guards* 'neath my stern glance quailed,  
And with their cloaks their faces veiled,  
As they past the barred grate.

I loved! *thou* know'st not half the power  
Of woman's love-lit eye;  
Her voice can sooth death's gloomy hour,  
Her smile dispel the black clouds which lour,  
When affliction's sea rolls high.

My heart seemed cold as the frozen snow  
That binds dark *Ætna's* form;  
But love raged there with the lava's flow,  
And maddened my soul with the scorching glow  
Of strong passion's thunder-storm.

I told my love: O God! even still  
I hear the hellish voice  
Which whispered the thought in my mind, to fill  
My page of crime with a deed of ill,  
That made all hell rejoice.

I knelt at her feet, and my proud heart burned  
When she spoke of my brother's love;  
Affection's warmth to deep hate was turned,  
His proffered hand in my wrath I spurn'd,  
Not all his prayers could move.

At dead of night to his room I crept,  
As noiseless as the grave,  
Disturbed in his dreams, my brother wept,

And softly murmured her name while he slept ;  
That word new fury gave.

The sound from his lip had scarcely past,  
When my dagger pierced his heart ;  
One dying look he on me cast,  
That awful look in my soul will last  
When body and soul must part.

When the deed was done, in horror I gazed  
On the face of the murdered dead ;  
His dark and brilliant eye was glazed ;  
When I thought for a moment his arm he raised,  
I hid my face in the bed.

I could not move from the spot where I stood,  
A chillness froze my mind,  
My clothes were dyed with my brother's blood,  
His body lay in a crimson flood,  
Which clotted his hair behind.

And over my heart that moment past  
A vision of former years ;  
Ere sin upon my soul had cast  
It's withering blight, it's poison blast,  
It's cloud of guilty fears.

The home where our youth's first hours flew by,  
In it's beauty before me rose ;  
The holy love of our mother's eye,  
Our childhood's pure and cloudless joy,  
And its light and fleeting woes.

When our hearts in strong affection's chain  
Were so closely, fondly tied,  
That our thoughts and feelings, pleasure and pain  
Were one : why did we not remain  
Through life thus side by side.

And my brother's gentle voice then fell  
Upon my tortured ear ;  
Those tones I once had loved so well,  
Now withered my soul like flame from hell,  
With vain remorse and fear.

All, all that memory still had kept  
In her hidden and silent reign,  
My youth's warm feelings, which long had slept,  
Like a torrent of fire, that moment swept  
In madness o'er my brain.

For before me there *his* pallid face  
In death's cold stillness lay ;  
Even *murder* could not all efface  
It's beauty, whose sad and shadowy trace  
Still lingered round that clay.



Sternly I bent me o'er the dead,  
And strove my breast to steel,  
When the dagger, from hilt to point all red,  
Flash'd on my sight, and I madly fled,  
The torture of *life* to feel.

Since that dread hour, o'er half the earth  
My weary path hath lain ;  
I have stood where the mighty Nile has birth,  
Where Ganges rolls his blue waves forth  
In triumph to the main.

In the silent forest's gloomy shade  
I have vainly sought for rest ;  
My sunless dwelling I have made  
Where the hungry tiger nightly strayed,  
And the serpent found a nest.

But still, where'er I turned, there lay  
My brother's lifeless form ;  
When I watched the cataract's giant play,  
As it flung to the sky it's foaming spray,  
When I stood 'midst the rushing storm,

Still, still that awful face was shown,  
That dead and soulless eye,  
The breeze's soft and soothing tone,  
To me still seemed *his* parting groan,  
A sound I could not fly.

In the fearful silence of the night,  
Still by my couch he stood,  
And when morn came forth in splendor bright,  
Still *there, between me and the light,*  
Was traced that scene of blood."

He paused : Death's icy hand was laid  
Upon his burning brow ;  
That eye, whose fiery glance had made  
His sternest guards shrink back afraid,  
Was glazed and sightless now.

And o'er his face the grave's dark hue  
Was in fixed shadow cast ;  
His spasm-drawn lips more fearful grew,  
In the ghastly shade of their lurid blue,  
With a shudder that ran that cold form through,  
The murderer's spirit past.

## TURKISH GALLANTRY.

FROM A MS. WORK, ENTITLED THE "MEDITERRANEAN SKETCH BOOK."

THE Archipelago with its thousand isles, presents a more diversified scene for the student, poet, scholar, and artist, than any portion of the globe of equal extent. The philosopher may there find a true illustration of the mutability of human greatness, and the perishability of earthly things. Its almost innumerable ruins of temples, castles, and grottos, offering such an inexhaustible field of research to the antiquarian of classic lore, affords to the lawless pirate hidden retreats, and strong holds, secure from the approach of all unwelcome visitors. Our autumn's cruise carrying us successively through these scenes, led us at last to Salamis — the nearest harbor to, and about eight miles from the Acropolis of Athens.

The breeze that fanned our frigate to her anchorage died away with the setting sun, and left us in the shade, cast by the steep from which Xerxes witnessed the destruction of his fleet by the heroic Greeks — and the waters that floated our ship, bathed the very shores where Persia's countless host once encamped. Early in the morning after our arrival, we despatched an officer to the Pacha commanding the Turkish army, for a *firman* and an escort, to visit Athens. In due time it arrived, and our party, consisting of twelve officers, landed in the old harbor of Piræus, where we found an escort of about thirty cavalry, mounted on beautiful Arabians, with horses for the party. We had an American gentleman with his lady, who had been invited, when in Smyrna, to make a tour through the Isles with us. The lady was young and exceedingly beautiful, and when mounted on the spirited Arabian, she looked like a "thing to bless, all full of light and loveliness." In a few minutes we were ready, and our cavalcade moved through the "wood of olives," and we had a charming gallop across the plains of Marathon for about five miles, to the city of the Muses. The ground for nearly the whole extent was strewn with ruins: some presenting considerable fragments, others discernible only by the inequality of the surface. As we drew near the city, the temples reared themselves above the surrounding ruins; some perched on the rocky summit of the Acropolis, and beautifully outlined against the clear blue sky, whilst others were scarcely visible amid the shrubbery that covered their fragments. The aqueducts were numerous and extensive, with their effect heightened by the interruptions of their broken arches. In short let the eye roam where it would, it

would meet some object for the mind to indulge in every reflection of Athenian greatness. The Turkish army lay encamped around and about the city, with their party-colored tents, and gay banners floating in the breeze, with all the pomp and circumstance of oriental magnificence. Our inspection of the ruins was interrupted by the rude and insolent bearing of the soldiery; and the assiduous attentions of the Turkish officer commanding the escort, were so annoying to Madame — that we thought it prudent to ask for our horses. It was some time before they made their appearance, and immediately after the escort galloped up, headed by the Turkish chevalier, arrayed in a most splendid dress, set off with all the taste and finery of an oriental toilet. I think I never saw a more elegant looking man, or one with more finished grace. He saluted the company — dismounted, and presented Madame — with a beautiful bouquet — an eloquent symbol of his preference, which called up a glow that mantled her cheeks with a tint like “roses crushed upon ivory.” He assisted her to mount, bounded into his saddle, and away we dashed off for the landing. It soon was evident that he meditated some mischief. One moment he would be at the bridle of the fair lady, and the next he would rein up and confer with some of his men. In order, therefore, to defeat his plans, we closed in around our fair charge, who, entirely unconscious of any possible danger, was carrying on a most decided flirtation with the handsome Turk! Every now and then three or four horsemen would join our escort, and by the time we arrived midway on our return, we were honored with a considerable troop of cavalry; and as their numbers increased, their insolent bearing became almost insupportable, and the continued plunging and capering of their horses enveloped us in a most uncomfortable cloud of dust. As we approached the “wood of olives,” the plot, as we anticipated, was near its dénouement; but in what manner it was to be developed, we knew not. We heard the tramp of horses, and the next moment we saw a troop of cavalry sweeping down towards us at the top of their speed. The crisis had now arrived, and the affair was assuming a most threatening aspect. We saw through their design at once — which was either to give us battle, or throw us into confusion, and thus enable the Turkish *gallant* to execute his plan of escaping with Madame —. As the cavalry reached us, they reined up, and with our escort made an effort to crowd us from our position, but in this they failed; and in a moment every sword leaped from its scabbard, and a phalanx was formed around *our* lady of as true hearts as ever drew steel; and if not quite so invulnerable as the Macedonian corps of old, it was equally determined, and animated by as pure and noble a spirit. The Turk seeing our movement, seized Madame —’s bridle, gave a tremendous shout, and putting spurs to his horse, bounded through the line, unhorsing one or two of our party, who had barely time to haul Madame — off her horse by her train, and thus save her from a fate one shudders to think of. But how behaved the

Madame? Her consciousness of danger was simultaneous with the attack; and the reality of her dreadful situation was so overpowering, that she swooned the moment she was so unceremoniously unhorsed. Our situation was critical in the extreme. One half the party were dismounted, and the others making an effort to keep back the fierce and infuriated fiends from trampling them under foot. As yet no blood had been spilt, but their cimiers gleamed in the air, and one moment more had seen our party rolling in the dust, but for the presence and personal interference of a Turkish officer, evidently of high rank, with his suite. The troops immediately fell back, and he at once commenced making demonstrations of sorrow for the interruption we had met with — promised that the offenders should be punished — dismissed the old escort, and offered his own faithful band to escort us to the landing! We thanked him for his offer; but we would dispense with the service of his horses, and the further *protection* of his escort. Our poor lady soon recovered, and behaved with becoming firmness, as the recreant knight made his appearance. He was all humility, and in a subdued voice said, "his object in seizing the lady's bridle was to carry her to a place of security, where he would have died for her;" and, that the *vêdette* took us for a party of Greeks that had been hovering around the camp for some days past." But his own villanous purpose had been too palpable, and as he saw by our manner the little credit given to his assertion, and the movement we were making toward the landing, sword in hand, his sorrowful expression changed as quick as lightning into the most deep, bitter, and burning passion. His cheeks flushed, his eyes flashed fire, and the veins of his forehead swelled almost to bursting. A white circle played around his mouth, and his very moustache seemed to bristle with anger — gritting his fine white teeth with a demoniac expression of savage disappointment, he put spurs to his Arabian, and bounded off with the speed of thought to join his troop. We continued the way down to the boats without further molestation, and reached the ship in safety.

The gallantry of every age and clime has been perpetuated by the poet's muse, and the troubadour's song. We all have felt the magic influence of the minstrel's power—the throbbing heart, and the pulse's gladdening play, has been the meed which few have not yielded to the sway of sweet minstrelsy. Be it my duty, then, not in poetry or song, but in sober prose, to rescue from oblivion, an instance of Turkish gallantry which came under my observation, in the "clime of the East, the land of the sun;" and where truly "all, save the spirit of man, is divine."

Call it by what name we list, the *affair* was near terminating in a manner calculated to afford the minstrel a tragic theme for the burden of his song.

OCEANUS.



## LINES

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF AN OLD MOUNTAIN CASTLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHESON.

Beneath the evening-twilight's silent veil  
 The flowers repose; all song has died away,  
 Save where in yonder mould'ring massy pile  
 The cricket chirps his melancholy lay.  
 Along the cloudless sky soft stillness reigns,  
 The herds wind slowly o'er the shadowy plains,  
 And the tired ploughman gladly goes  
 Homeward to his sweet and sound repose.

And now upon this lonely wood-crowned height,  
 With sombre ruins of the past o'erhung,  
 Where visions of a former world float dimly bright,  
 O melancholy! I devote to thee my song!  
 Sadly I think on what these relics were  
 In some far distant, dim-remembered year—  
 Lordly Castle—*time-defying* heap—  
 High upon the mountain's rocky steep.

There, where round yon pillar's gloomy ruin,  
 Mournfully whispering, ivy branches twine,  
 And the evening twilight beams red glowing,  
 Through the half choked window faintly shine.  
*There*, perhaps, in tears a father's blessing once  
 Fell upon the noblest of the German sons,  
 Whose young heart with love of glory bright,  
 Longing swelled to meet the coming fight.

"Go in peace now," said the veteran sire.  
 When the sword was girded to his graceful frame,  
 "Return a conqueror, or return no more—  
 O be worthy of thy ancestral name!  
 Then did blaze the youthful hero's eye.  
 Darting fires of death—his cheek glowed high,  
 As the newly awakened blooming rose,  
 In the morning's ruddy purple glows.

\*Away he flew to the thickest of the fight,  
 Black and rapid as a thunder cloud—  
 Like the fir grove in the stormy night,  
 So the foe's proud power before him bowed.  
 Like the brook wild gushing mong the flowers,

\* In these two lines the author thrust in another simile, "Like the lion-hearted Richard," which the translator has not rendered, thinking there were comparisons enough and good enough already.

He returned to the mountain castle towers.  
 To his father's *tearful, joyful face*,  
 To his darling mother's sweet embrace.

Merry were the golden goblets ringing—  
 Round and round swift flew the jovial tale—  
 Glad the guests and glorious the singing,  
 Till the silvery starry light grew pale.  
 Many a tale of hard fought battles told,  
 'Mong the holy warriors of old—  
 Wakened in the heart of the brave boy  
 Memory's keen though melancholy joy!

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh the change! Night's dreary gloom is sweeping  
 Round the scene so glorious once and bright:  
 And the evening breeze is sadly weeping  
 Where the brave once feasted in delight.  
 Lonely crickets chirp around the spot,  
 Where for shield and spear the child besought,  
 When the sound of the war-trumpet rang.  
 And the father on the war-horse sprang.

Crumbled into dust are now their bones,  
 Earth's dark sods the mighty men enclose,  
 So that e'en the half sunk funeral stones  
 Scarce can point the spot where they repose!

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus flies the dreamy *form* of power so bright,  
 Thus do life's poor, poor splendid honors glide,  
 Thus all that earth, and folly bring to light  
 Sinks in the gloomy depths of Time's swift tide.

Laurels round the victor's brow entwining—  
 Glorious deeds on brass and marble shining—  
 Urns devoted to sad memory,  
 And the songs of immortality—  
 Wealth, and power, and glory shall fade and pass away—  
 But the unseen God and the unseen world shall live and last for aye!

## LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SOUTH-WEST. By a Yankee.

Where on my way I went ;  
 ———A pilgrim from the North—  
 Now more and more attracted as I drew  
 Nearer and nearer :

ROGERS' ITALY.

In 2 vols. 12 mo. New-York, Harper & Brothers. This book, though anonymously published as is the usual custom now-a-days, is generally understood to proceed from the pen of Professor Ingraham, a gentleman of high literary reputation, and one who from the circumstances of his life is singularly well qualified for the task, delicate and invidious as it is, which he has undertaken. An eastern man by birth, and therefore unlikely to be improperly prejudiced in favor of the customs or peculiar laws of the south—a Mississippian by adoption, and a cotton planter by profession, if it may so be styled, and, therefore, surely not tainted with such political opinions as would warp his judgment or render his views partial and untrue.—No person could possibly have entered upon the consideration of the leading points of the Southern character, scenery, manners, and institutions, more fully competent, in all respects, than the very clever writer whose work now lies before us. His style is clear, not only from provincialisms or inaccuracy, but from the slightest roughness or inelegance ; it is indeed both neat and forcible. His powers of observation and description are by no means inferior to the beauties of his style ; while his judgment is, in our opinion, discriminating, nice, and correct. We have heard it objected to the author, that he has fallen into some errors in his delineation of society and his remarks upon that most delicately to be handled of all earthly topics ; and on this point we are not able ourselves to pronounce decidedly, not having enjoyed the opportunity of mingling in social intercourse with our Southern neighbors except in our Atlantic cities.

If true, however, this criticism must be held to apply only to those slighter and less clearly defined shades which are never discoverable save after long and uninterrupted intimacy, and as such must be regarded as militating, if at all, in the smallest possible degree, against the merits of the work. His broader sketches of society as visible in the street, the steam-boat, the bar-room, or the theatre, are exquisitely graphic, and from their

very surface we can descry their depth and truth ; even as we may often feel the certainty that some portrait, seen for the first time, must bear a strong resemblance to the features of its unknown original, merely from the breadth of its shadowing and the boldness of its outlines. The narrative of the Professor commences with his departure from port, and recording all the little circumstances that relieve the tedium of a sea voyage, conduct his reader through the gulf, and past the "vexed Bermoothes," of which the author speaks in terms that hardly bear out the epithet of old Will Shakspeare ; across the Bahama banks, whereon the good ship Plato of Portland, encountered the boat of a wrecker, described with so free a pen, that an artist might paint from the relation with unerring accuracy, and that we feel ourselves constrained, despite our narrow limits, to extract it as a gem worthy of choice preservation. "THE WRECKER'S LUGGER, vol. 1, pp. 49. 50.\*

It must in truth be a beautiful voyage over the clear transparent waters of that shallow channel, along the storied shores of Florida—not, however, seen as a country of blossoms and living fountains, welling with perpetual youth, "but as a faintly delineated gray bank lining the western horizon"—in sight of the blue summits of the Spanish Cuba and the twin hills of Matanzas, past "the Tortugas—the Scylla and Charybdis of that southern latitude," till the ship is anchored at the Balize, and rides in security on the breast of the waveless Mississippi. It must be a beautiful voyage, and beautifully has our author depicted his enjoyment of its charms. There is a sketch of craft and shipping witnessed on ascending the deck at sunrise on the morning after the arrival at the mouth of the Father of the Floods, which would afford a rare subject for the genius of the English Turner, or of our own Chapman ; but the necessity of hurrying to richer and more varied incidents, compels us to pass it and a hundred others, with light comment, for it is not till after the arrival at the queen of the south-west, that the real interest of the book commences. As a specimen of Mr. Ingraham's descriptions of men, and they are not to be surpassed by any that we have encountered in the narrative of any

\* These extracts are all unavoidably excluded for want of room.

voyager, from the days of Marco Polo, to the present hour, we shall extract the following view of "THE BROADWAY OF NEW-ORLEANS," vol. 1. pp. 88, 89, 90.\*

From this, which is the last quotation we shall offer merely on account of its manner, we shall pass to what is, perhaps, the most important, surely the most interesting, topic of the whole work—we mean the author's account of scenes which actually took place before his eyes, calculated to throw much light on the condition, character, and prospect of the American slave, with his remarks arising from them. These are, in our opinion, no less replete with ability than with candor and good feeling, and we shall merely premise our extracts from this portion of the "South-West" by remarking that we are not about to plunge into the mad vortex of political discussion on this most momentous of American questions—that we are neither about to declare ourselves for the abolitionists, nor yet against them! Our work, purely literary in its character, can take no cognizance of such vexed causes! can permit to us no share in such debate! The passages which we are about to select are, we believe, true—generally, not accidentally true—and if so, are qualified to enable men to judge wisely not rashly, from facts, not from theory! Beyond this we go not one step's width—our readers may approve or condemn, may cheat themselves into the belief of our approbation or condemnation as they shall judge proper, but we shall hold unchanged the honest tenor of our course! The scenes to which we have alluded, as most ably executed, and most remarkable in their tendency, are four in number, and may be classified under the following heads:—*THE AUCTION STORE AT NATCHEZ*, vol. ii. pp. 29, 30, 31, 32. *MASTERS AND SLAVES*, vol. ii. pp. 120, 121. *SLAVE MART AT NATCHEZ*, vol. ii. pp. 200, 201. *SLAVE ANECDOTES*, vol. ii. pp. 242, 243.\*

Without further comment than the expression of a wish that these passages may tend in their degree to turn away wrath, to alleviate irritation, and to build up strong as the poles, a sense of mutual good will and fellowship between the two main sections of our great and happy country, we shall take leave of our friend the Yankee, with gratitude for the plea-

sure and information he has ministered to us, with respect for his abilities, and a yet warmer feeling for his intentions, with an honest emulation of his fame, and with a sincere hope that we shall ere long encounter him again straying in the pleasant paths of literary enterprize.

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**PAUL ULRIC.** *A Novel*, in 2 vols. 12mo. Harper & Brothers, New-York. It is rarely indeed that these publishers send forth a novel from their press, which has not something beyond the whiteness of the paper, and the neatness of the execution, to recommend it. We fear, however, that public opinion will bear us out in the remark we are about to hazard, that such, in the present instance is the case. The book is as usual, beautifully got up, the style is not faulty; and when we have said that, we have exhausted our entire stock of praise. The plot is characterized by a total absence of probability, aye or even possibility; the characters are very remarkable for being utterly unlike any thing earthly; the incidents conspicuous for being wholly unnatural; and the work when viewed as a whole, perhaps, *unique* for its absurdity. The son of a German soap-boiler is knighted, or made a baronet (for the author has made a strange confusion between the two,) for picking up King George the Fourth drunk in the street; and the son of this *knight-baronet* is the hero of many adventures supposed to have occurred in this country, but which could not have possibly occurred in the United States, without a complete *bouleversement* of all the habits, customs, morals, in short of the entire nature of the American public. We will not go through the story, it would not be fair to do so—the only inducement to any person to peruse these volumes, is the story such as it is. Many novel readers can find pleasure in any thing which has that which is called thrilling excitement, and if thrilling excitement means—as we conjecture it to do from the frequency of its application—unnatural extravagance, then will these readers find much pleasure in Paul Ulric. To these persons, and to these only, can we recommend the book; and on the author we would urge it in all kindness, though we know not who he may be, that "neither men, nor gods, nor columns, have permitted it to him to be a"—*novelist!*

\* Omitted for want of room.